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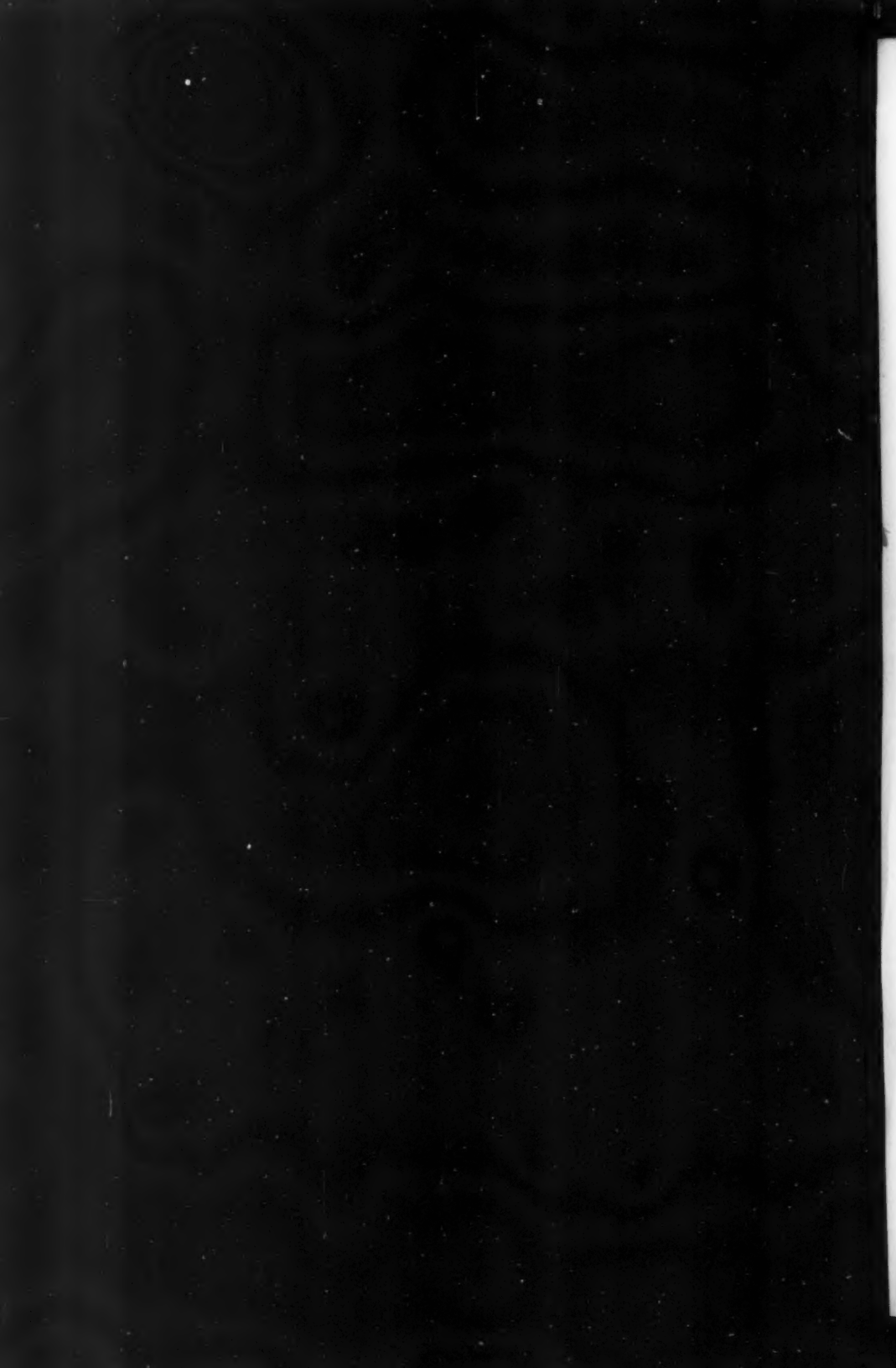
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Sixth Series, {  
Volume XI. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCX. }

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## WITH FAITHFUL HEART.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Naught of thy mind I know,  
But, for my part,  
Thee do I truly love  
With faithful heart.

And never other so  
My soul hath shared;  
For thee alone I'll care,  
For thee have cared.  
Happy first meeting, whence  
Life's joy-springs start,  
Then gave I thee myself  
With faithful heart.

I am thy very own,  
Love, in good sooth;  
Ne'er in thine inmost heart  
Doubt thou my truth.  
All that I have is thine,  
Each power and part  
I have surrendered thee  
With faithful heart.

Through all the changing years,  
Forevermore,  
Thee will I truly love,  
Serve and adore;  
For of all else to me  
Dearest thou art,  
Thus have I chosen thee  
With faithful heart.

Argosy.

## ANDRÉ'S RIDE.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,  
With all his raiders at his back,  
Mon Dieu! the tumult in the town!  
Scarce clanged the great porte-cul-de-lion  
Ere in the sunshine gleamed his spears  
And up marched all his musketeers,  
And far and fast in haste's array  
Sped men to fight and priests to pray;  
In every street a barricade  
Of aught that lay to hand was made,  
From every house a man was told  
Nor quittance given to young or old;  
Should youth be spared or age be slack  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac?

When André rode to Pont-du-lac  
With all his ravening reiver-pack,  
The mid lake was a frozen road  
Unbending to the cannon's load,

No warmth the sun had as it shone,  
The kine were stalled, the birds were  
gone;  
Like wild things seemed the shapes of  
fur

With which was every street astir,  
And over all the huddling crowd—  
The thick breath hung—a solid cloud—  
Roof, road, and river, all were white,  
Men moved benumbed by day—by night  
The boldest durst not bivouac,  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac  
We scarce could stem his swift attack,  
A halt, a cheer, a bugle-call,  
Like wild cats they were up the wall,  
But still as each man won the town  
We tossed him from the ramparts down;  
And when at last the stormers quailed  
And back the assailants shrank assailed,  
Like wounded wasps that still could sting,  
Or tigers that had missed their spring,  
They would not fly, but turned at bay  
And fought out all the dying day;  
Sweet saints! it was a crimson track  
That André left by Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac  
Said he: "A troop of girls could sack  
This huckster town that hugs its hoard  
But wists not how to wield a sword."  
It makes my blood warm now to know  
How soon Sir Cockerel ceased to crow,  
And how 'twas my sure dagger-point  
In André's harness found a joint,  
For I, who now am old, was young,  
And strong the thews were, now un-  
strung,

And deadly though our danger then,  
I would that day were back again;  
Ay, would to God the day were back  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac.

Longman's Magazine A. H. BEESLY.

## "WHERE TRUE JOYS ARE TO BE FOUND."

Time was I yearned for happiness,  
Time was I burned for fame,  
Nor marked the Love and loveliness  
Unsought, unbought that came.

Now happiness seems emptiness  
And fame a fickle breath  
And only Love and loveliness  
Have promise over Death.

Spectator.

THETA.

From The Contemporary Review.  
LI HUNG CHANG.

"There are three parties at Pekin: 1. Li Hung Chang. 2. The Court. 3. The literary class. Li Hung Chang is a noble fellow, and worth giving one's life for." These sentences are taken from an unpublished letter of General Gordon, written in July, 1880, when on his way to the Chinese capital. I have permission to quote them, and they provide an appropriate introduction for the remarkable statesman who is about to arrive in this country, as well as for the serious political questions suggested by the present condition of the empire he represents.

I do not propose to describe in any detail here the varied and brilliant services which have made the name of Li Hung Chang as well known in foreign lands as in his own. The main incidents of his career since he co-operated with Gordon, over thirty years ago, in the suppression of the Taeping rebellion are probably familiar by this time to the majority of readers, and no one has ever impugned the sincerity of his desire to improve the administration of his State, to introduce industrial reforms, and to maintain peace. If the progress has not been rapid, if the part of reformer has not been as popular or as successful as it deserved to be, no one has blamed Li Hung Chang for the smallness of the result, while every one has admired the skill, courage, and determination with which he has forced his way against the most powerful enemies, and the prejudices of the lettered and official classes, to a summit of power such as no other Chinese subject ever attained during the countless centuries of her past history. And now, in the evening of his life, the Grand Old Man of China has undertaken a tour round the capitals of the world, in order to see with his own eyes those foreign countries with which the fate of his own must be closely mixed up, and to study their systems of efficient administration for purposes of peace and war, especially the latter, to which China must by her own effort, or by external compulsion, and with

as little delay as possible, provide the best approximation that she can. There is a serious side as well as an ornamental to the showy embassy that the imperial chancellor has conducted to the courts of Europe. The ornamental part began and terminated at Moscow. The serious part, although not restricted to London, must be chiefly transacted in the capital of the empire which has the largest stake in the trade and future of the Far East, and whose statesmen stand resolute to the purpose that that stake shall not be diminished, much less filched away.

Li Hung Chang comes to form his own opinion about us, but it is also desirable to state that we have to form our opinion about him; not as to his undoubted ability, or the tact and dignity with which he will hold his own in any assembly, but as to his power and capacity to effect that improvement in the administration which will practically amount to a regeneration of China. It is something to be assured, on the most unimpeachable authority, that this serious task was the principal object he set before himself on undertaking a mission from which his age and his inexperience as a traveller would have justified his asking to be excused. But, as the people most closely concerned in the result after the Chinese themselves, we are bound to measure his chances of success with the nearest approach to accuracy we can attain, and it would be paying our guest a very poor compliment to minimize the difficulties of his task or to declare that he is sure to accomplish it. With the fullest admission as to the great ability and unflinching shrewdness of Li Hung Chang, there is more reason to anticipate that the powerful forces arrayed against him, the two of the three parties into which General Gordon divided the repositories of supreme power in China, will prove triumphant, to the inevitable ruin of their country, than that he, at his age, will carry out those drastic measures which can alone render China competent to preserve her independence.

There is one great reason for believing that Li Hung Chang may be not only in earnest as to his own mission, but also successful in impressing on his countrymen the imperative necessity of bestirring and qualifying themselves to take their part in the international conflicts of the future. The rude lesson they received at the hands of the Japanese must have opened the eyes of at least the ruling powers at Peking. It was not merely the material loss they suffered by the destruction of a costly fleet and the imposition of an indemnity which will permanently absorb their maritime customs at their present total; but the blow to their self-esteem and reputation must have hurt far more deeply, and can only be deemed healed when China, Phoenix-like, has risen from the ashes of her own degradation. China entered on that war with a high reputation and such superior resources as seemed at least to justify the opinion that the struggle would prove arduous and, at the worst, inconclusive. A single campaign sufficed to shatter that reputation, to destroy the new military organization she was supposed to have created, and to cripple her in the future with a heavy legacy of debt. Worst of all, this terrible blow was inflicted by a race of Asiatics traditionally considered inferior, who had imitated admirably one branch of European progress, the art of "égorgier vos prochains," while China, wrapped in her pride, had been standing still, or wasting her resources on a sham.

In this experience was provided motive enough for that "awakening of China," which the late Marquis Tseng promised us ten years ago, but which the result has shown us we must still expect. As a stimulant it certainly should prove sufficient, although it must be frankly admitted that the only sign China has yet given of realizing her damaged and dangerous position is this very tour of her one statesman, and considerably over a year has elapsed since the treaty of Shimonoseki secured for her the breathing space necessary to repair what had been destroyed. It can well be believed that Li Hung

Chang sees these facts as clearly as we do; but with a more complete knowledge than we have of the Chinese system and greater tolerance for national prejudices than we need pretend to, he may hesitate as to where or how the desirable reforms can be commenced. That hesitation will not be diminished by the fact that while the Japanese war was a terrible lesson for the members of the central government, it did not affect nine-tenths of the Chinese people, who are still lulled in a sleep of fancied superiority and security. If the Chinese people at large were really awake to the military helplessness of their country and to the imperative necessity of making every sacrifice to recover that capacity of defence which in nations is the only sound basis of self-respect, then the task of Li Hung Chang would be both easier and more likely to succeed. Unfortunately, the only persons in China thoroughly aroused to the perils of the situation are Li Hung Chang himself and a few high personages at Peking, among whom may undoubtedly be placed the empress dowager and the reigning emperor. Against them are arrayed all the powerful forces of the censors, the literary class, and those resolute opponents of all change, nowhere stronger than in China. They have numbers, they fill every post, and block every channel of improved knowledge and a healthier spirit, and they will even argue that as ironclads and rifles failed in 1894-5 to give them the victory over Japan it would be folly to throw away any further sums on such useless purchases!

When it is stated that Li Hung Chang has come on a mission for the purpose of inaugurating a system of reforms it is necessary to consider both the state of opinion in China and the amount of opposition he is likely to encounter from interested parties. That opposition can only be diminished and overcome by the growth of a strong national opinion that reforms are necessary, and that the one way to preserve the independence of China is by carrying out some of those radical

changes in the normal Asiatic practice which Japan has done with such complete thoroughness and beneficial result. If in the first place Li Hung Chang can arouse his countrymen to a correct sense of their deficiencies and to the resolution to shake off their self-conceit and adapt themselves to facts like other nations, he will have laid a sound basis for reform and future progress, and accomplished a far more practical and useful work than by drawing upon paper model systems for a fresh constitution. Recent events have not given outsiders a very high opinion of the patriotism of the Chinese, but their pride is undoubted, and if it can be turned into the proper direction it may yet supply the lever which will enable a Chinese statesman to regenerate his country. If commercial and political rivalry with the Japanese, a race always regarded as very inferior to themselves, does not supply the Chinese with an adequate stimulant to excel, it is hard to imagine what will suffice, and the regeneration of China by her own effort will be handed down to the Greek Kalends.

The systems of administration in vogue in Europe and America will teach Li Hung Chang nothing, for as a system the administration of China is a very good one, and suits the country as well as any other that could be devised. What is wrong and rotten in the state of China is the manner in which that system is worked; and it is here that sweeping changes are required, which will tax the strength and the courage of even such a powerful minister as Li Hung Chang. In the first place, no real progress can take place in China so long as the censors retain the power to judge every proceeding of the government by the light of Confucian ethics and to veto every reform because it is opposed to the apothegms of classical writers of the fossil age of China's existence. Will Li Hung Chang or his imperial master have the daring to abolish by a decree of the Vermillion Pencil the Board of Censors and put an end forever to their absurdly antiquated but none the less fatal strictures on

every suggestion of practical reform? I ask the question because, while the measure is radical and drastic, it is well within the compass of imperial authority, and would not entail that serious interference with the elaborate Civil Service system of China that must follow any sweeping attempt to provide her with a new form of administration. Yet it is absolutely necessary for the success of any remedial measures in China that, on the threshold of their being undertaken, a strong and, if possible, a fatal blow should be dealt that literary class which has been supreme in China, and which has used its influence and position to prevent progress and to exclude all useful knowledge. It can only be reached in the first place through the Board of Censors, and no reforms will have any chance of success, nor can we feel any faith in the good intentions of the Chinese government itself, as long as that conclave of unpractical and bigoted pedants is able to obstruct every act of the administration, and to pervert when it does not prevent every beneficial measure.

The fate of the censors will provide a sure test of the sincerity of the intentions of those who take up a policy of reform in China. With regard to Li Hung Chang's feelings in the matter, there is no doubt that he regards them with unequivocal dislike and hostility. They have always been his bitter foes, and if they had had their way he would long ago have been shorter by a head. But we do not know whether he attaches that importance to their summary effacement which to the Western mind seems the kernel of the whole difficulty. Yet he must see that the day of classical criticism has gone by, that China stands in need of acts, not words, and that even if the censors are eventually beaten on every point, instead of being, as they nearly always were, victorious, they retain with their existence a power of delaying measures that must seriously diminish their value. Moreover, China cannot spare the time for such wasted efforts. Formerly a few years, or even a whole cycle, mattered nothing for the solution of a trifle,



but now China can only count on a very brief period to set her whole house in order.

The next measure in any project of reorganization should be the curtailment of the powers possessed by the viceroys; and it would be still better if that highest grade were altogether abolished, and each province assigned to a futil, or governor of the second grade. The former have always striven to make themselves more or less independent of the central authorities, and under the existing system the Pekin government, which bears all the responsibility, can only count on a very partial control of the resources of the provinces, and may find itself exhausted and beaten long before the various parts of the empire are able and willing to come to its assistance. By reducing the grade of these provincial rulers the Chinese executive may look for a prompter obedience to its orders, and a more cordial co-operation in the task of combining all the resources of the State for purposes of defence than would be rendered by the great satraps of the existing system, who think mostly of their own interest and personal position. Neither implicit obedience nor the efficient utilization of China's immense latent strength will be attained until the means of internal communication have been improved, and the outlying provinces, like Szechuen, and the densely peopled centre of China have been brought into railway communication with the capital and the centre of government. But that railway development will have to be preceded by an administrative reorganization.

Several railway projects have already been put forward in a more or less tentative manner, and one of them, that from Pekin to Hankow, the important city on the Yangtsekiang, which is the true heart of China, would unquestionably strengthen the position of the imperial government, and might prove self-supporting. But it must be hoped that no English capitalists will provide China with the means of building any railways north of the Great River until

it has been made clear that she has both the capacity and the resolution to withhold from Russia those large concessions which, when the day of settlement comes, that power will demand. Still, railways must affect more largely than any other single circumstance the future position of the Pekin government, and to influence more than to anything else might we look for that awakening of the Chinese people which is absolutely necessary if the efforts of reformers like Li Hung Chang are to be crowned with success. Yet it would be folly to ignore the fact that popular feeling and prejudice will be strongly against their introduction, and if the censors are left in their present omnipotent position to express the lowest and most ignorant views of the people, there is little doubt that they can retard the commencement of railway construction until the real control has passed out of the hands of any Chinese government. We must recollect that China has become, from its antiquity and dense population, a vast burial ground, and that religion, as well as superstition, forbids the least attempt being made to disturb the spirits of the ancestors who haunt these scenes. There are ways of propitiating and disarming this popular feeling, but they will certainly not be given a fair trial as long as there are censors to give it pointed expression, and possessing the privilege of reading their anathemas to the emperor in person.

As intimately connected with the railway question as the censors' privileges and popular prejudices is the practical point of the site of the Chinese capital. Pekin was chosen as the seat of government because the existing dynasty is of northern race, and its founders wished not merely to dwell in a congenial climate, but also to be as near as possible to the base of their military power in Manchuria. The same reason had influenced the Mongols and before them the Tartars in fixing their capitals somewhere near the present Chinese metropolis. But events have deprived this view of its original force, even from a dynastic standpoint. The Manchu

dynasty as a separate institution from the Chinese Empire has no chance of preserving its existence, and the late war demonstrated beyond dispute that its Tartar forces were, if anything, less efficient and courageous than the native Chinese. The causes that made Peking the capital have therefore no longer any force, while the change in the position has made it especially dangerous that the capital should lie at the mercy of an enterprising and expeditious adversary. That it does occupy such an exposed position cannot be disputed. The small Anglo-French expedition, with none of those improved weapons which have made modern armies so formidable, had no difficulty in advancing upon and practically seizing Peking in 1860, and there can be no doubt that the Japanese last year would have been equally successful if the war had continued. But the danger from the seacoast will be far less than that presented when Russia has a railway to Vladivostok, and can at any moment march an army through Manchuria. The fragment of a will left the existing Chinese administration by Count Cassini's astute diplomacy, and the vigorous support of his government will depart when to threatening despatches on the table of the Tsungli Yamen can be added the menace of an army crossing the Ussuri by the highroad to Moukden and Peking. If the sting has to be taken from that threat the capital must be moved from Peking, and that with all possible despatch.

General Gordon, when summoned to China in 1880 to advise its government in reference to the crisis with Russia, most strongly urged this point on the attention of Li Hung Chang, and recommended the immediate transfer of the capital to Nankin. But Nankin itself is not in a sufficiently secure position, and the site of China's capital should be at a greater distance from the sea. If Hankow were selected there would be all the advantages of remoteness from the nearest points of any hostile power, at the same time that the existence of a water-way from the sea to its very gates would leave the administration

open to those external influences to which China has hitherto been so opposed. At the same time, a railway across the great provinces of Hupeh and Hunan from Hankow to Canton would open up an unknown but thickly peopled and highly productive region, and add immensely to the security and well-being of the government. By these three practical measures—the abolition of the censors, the reduction of the viceroys or the concentration of power in the hands of the central government, and the transfer of the capital to the interior—an immense stride towards the true regeneration of China would be effected. I have reason to think that one and all of these schemes have been passed in review by Li Hung Chang, but whether he feels either able or willing to carry them out must be left to time to show. It may be confidently said that without some of them no measure of reform will be successful or will endure.

There are other matters which the enlightened statesman, whose name is almost a convertible term for that of China, will consider in the interests of his country. They may perhaps form a larger part of his programme than even the study of political systems that are altogether unsuited to China and her people. His country is now stricken down under the shadow of great naval and military disasters. The fleet which certainly cost China a great deal of money, and on paper made a very fair show, is either at the bottom of the sea or in Japanese harbors. Of the two principal naval stations, one has been dismantled and the other remains a hostage in the hands of Japan for a period of years. Yet China has not given up her dream of maritime power. She has bought one or two fresh ironclads since the war, and is expected to give large orders in English and German shipyards. It may seem presumptuous, but the advice is certainly based on good feeling and close study of her position, to urge her to do nothing of the kind. She is only wasting her resources and providing spoil for her enemies, as no

fleet that she can create within the next ten years, the extreme limit within which it will be possible to maintain peace in the Far East, would have any chance of success against even the weakest of her possible opponents. Moreover, the dangers she has to cope with are on land, and not at sea. Expenditure on torpedoes and other means of coast defence is both prudent and necessary, but to spend millions on battleships and cruisers is only to invite a repetition of the Yalu and Wei Hai Wei.

The more strongly this conviction is held the more incumbent does it become for those who are responsible for the security of China to make a strenuous and sustained effort to give that country an army and a military organization sufficient to enable it to maintain its rights against all aggressors. So clear-headed a man as Li Hung Chang must see that if his country was able to make but a poor defence against Japan it would have no chance at all in a contest under existing conditions with either Russia or England. To put the matter brutally but unmistakably, China is helpless, and so long as she remains so will have to submit to any indignity that may be offered her. She can, of course, procure the protection of Russia, followed for a time by the other members of that strange Slav-Teuton-Gallic Triple Alliance, but while the efficacy of that protection might in certain eventualities prove doubtful, there can be no question as to its cost. The Russian ruler would always find the policy congenial which assigned the position of a dependant to the occupant of the Dragon Throne, but it would be an undeserved reflection on Li Hung Chang's astuteness to suggest that he does not see that the protection of Russia is as humiliating and far more perilous for his country than the loss of a campaign with an undisguised antagonist like Japan.

Just as the policy of Russia is to keep China in leading strings, to destroy her nerve and self-reliance, and to make her think that she is safe because the great White Czar extends over her his

protecting arm, so is it the bounden duty of any Chinese statesman desirous of maintaining his country's liberty and the majesty of his emperor to struggle against and combat that influence, and to resist the insidious counsels by which it would be extended. China has nothing to fear in the way of unprovoked aggression from England, the only power whose hostility would justify her in accepting the support of Russia at all cost, nor is there any likelihood of Japan resorting to any fresh measures until she has made sure of the future instalments of the war indemnity, and that will not be under five years. Even when Japan decides to move again it will more probably be in the direction of Korea—the derelict vessel of Asian politics—where her plans are suspended not abandoned, than against China herself. These considerations ought to show a Chinese statesman that there is no desperate need to rely exclusively on Russia's protection, or to follow blindly her advice, while the safer and more dignified course is obviously to reform the military organization of his country and to show the world that her great resources in men and money can be employed for the purposes of adequate national defence.

The administrative reforms of which China stands in need might have been discovered and enforced without Li Hung Chang leaving his own country; but his European experiences cannot fail to impress on him the fact that if China is to hold her own she must do as other nations, and maintain a large and well-equipped army. The advice given by General Gordon in 1880, that China was not to think of a regular army but to wage all her wars in an irregular fashion, good as it was at the time, is now obsolete. If China is to exist as an independent empire, she must have a large and a well-trained army, and she must give up her antiquated notion that war can be conducted by ignorant generals and untrained officers. Her last attempt to reconcile the exploded theories of a very primitive age with the hard and uncompromising facts of modern warfare cost her dear; any at-

tempt to repeat the experiment would be nothing short of fatal to the Chinese Empire. Li Hung Chang will have been afforded every opportunity of seeing the immense armies maintained by the most peaceful of peoples, and the magnitude of Russia's forces will not impress him more than the readiness of the English army to proceed anywhere, whether it be to carry out an expedition to the Equator or the interior of China itself. China does not want parliaments, but she does want an army.

If this want is essential for any real progress in other directions, it is also clear that China will never succeed in supplying it on her own initiation. She has not the experience nor the right man. Throughout her existence she has slighted the military profession, and pronounced it derogatory to be a soldier, with the result that when a great national peril presented itself she did not possess efficient and trustworthy defenders. China has the raw material for an army in excellent quality and unlimited quantity, but she does not possess the officers and leaders who are essential for the conversion of that raw material into a formidable army. If she attempts to carry out her own reorganization, centuries must elapse before any real progress could be made, and long before that day arrived her fate would have been sealed by those whose designs on China are part of the inevitable progress of mankind. We must hope that in this matter Li Hung Chang has fully taken to heart the lesson supplied by the removal of Captain Lang from the command of the Chinese fleet, and the putting of a Chinese officer in his place shortly before the outbreak of the Japanese war. I am quite aware that General Gordon, in his memorandum of July, 1880, advised the Chinese not to employ Europeans, and to do everything for themselves, but at that moment it not only looked as if China would not suffer from being slow and sure in her movements, but the uppermost thought in Gordon's mind was not so much to provide China with an efficient army, as to avert a change in her government.

Moreover, as Li Hung Chang will remember, Gordon's Ever Victorious Army of Chinese was led into action by a strong *cadre* of European officers. Everything that has happened since has increased the necessity for placing Chinese troops under foreign tutelage for several generations. War has been made more scientific and dangerous, with the result that the consequences of defeat for the unprepared and unqualified have been rendered more serious and costly. If another argument were needed to convince the Chinese of these facts it might be found in the representation that the enemies against whom they will have to hold their own will be far more formidable than the Taepings, or even than the Japanese.

While it is comparatively easy to decide what China should do in the direction of military reorganization, it is not so obvious what the best working plan for her would be. Up to the present time there has been no definite plan. The viceroys at Canton and Nankin have employed officers, chiefly Germans, in drilling some troops, but their treatment has been capricious, and the gain to China has been *nil*. If any good is to result, the control of all arrangements with foreign officers must be withdrawn from the provincial authorities and retained exclusively in the hands of the central government. This arrangement would still leave it necessary for the executive to form a definite plan of action, to which they would consistently adhere, and by which the Europeans they employed should be guided. Without entering into details, it might be said that the main idea would be the formation of several corps, specially trained and officered, with permanent camps at Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Nankin, and Canton. Five corps of twenty-five thousand men each would suffice as a commencement, and would provide China with the nucleus of an army. Up to the present absolutely nothing has been done in this direction. The breach with the German officers at Nankin and the summary conclusion of

their engagement, ends one attempt, while the project of attaching a couple of hundred Chinese officers to Russian regiments has not yet been carried out. If Gordon were alive, it may be assumed that the recollection of his exceptional services, and the confidence his extraordinary spirit of self-sacrifice inspired, would have led the Chinese government to entrust the supreme direction of military reform to him. But there is no one else in whom the Chinese would repose faith, and, unless they cordially support their nominee, the ablest administrator in the world will not meet with any success.

These considerations show how difficult the task of military reform will be in China. From Russia she is not likely to obtain any hearty assistance. A strong China would be a permanent obstacle in the path of that empire's further expansion. If, as now seems probable, Russian diplomacy and reputation prove successful in acquiring the direction and control of China's military system, it is morally certain that that system will never be very formidable. It is not Russia's game to make China powerful and independent of her protection. Nor will any fitful projects of employing a few German officers and drill-sergeants in this town, and some American or other instructors in another place, produce any beneficial or adequate results. Nothing will be worth the money China will have to expend on army reform, unless the organization is complete and the plan systematic. English officers and advice would furnish the Chinese executive with the best means of organizing an army, and an adequate return for their money; and on political grounds it is obvious that England has as much cause to wish China to be strong as Russia has to keep her weak. But unfortunately England and everything English is under a cloud in China, and nothing but the most skilful diplomatic action, supported by the common sense and patriotism of Li Hung Chang, will remove the suspicion and distrust with which the advice and attitude of this

country are regarded by the Chinese government and people.

Enough has been said to show the necessity of administrative and military reforms in China, and the directions in which Li Hung Chang may be expected to move for the accomplishment of some or all of them. There can be no difference of opinion on the point that they bristle with difficulties, and all Li Hung Chang's ability, courage, and exceptional position will have to be exerted even to obtain a start for the essential alterations that can alone avert the most serious calamities for China. But a start in China for any reform will mean a great deal more than in ordinary countries. If he only succeeds in smashing the literary class, he will have secured a fair chance for the success of measures of a practical character. If he can engage the services of even five hundred officers of character, and secure for them a fair and unfettered field, China in a few years' time will find herself in the possession of an army that will at least suffice to make any other power hesitate to attack her. Lastly, if he can induce the emperor and court to abandon Peking for some place of greater security in the interior, he will remove that sensation of imminent peril which is destructive of calm judgment and soon degenerates into active panic. Other reforms can wait, but these three are urgent. Without them the most admirable schemes of government must prove a failure. China has to show that she realizes the difficulties of her position, and that she is resolved to overcome them. On Li Hung Chang, in the first place, rests the immense task of proving that there is the will to do this; and the confidence his past career has inspired justifies the expectation that, so far as it is possible to succeed in his mission, he will attain some measure of durable success. China has often before found safety through the genius of Li Hung Chang. We must hope that she will obtain by his efforts the remedies of which she stands in such extreme need, and for the application of which there only remains



the brief lull until the Far Eastern question reaches its second stage.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

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From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.  
BUBBLES FROM THE HOOGLY.

BY E. C. HAMLEY.

There was a famine in the land. Over one extended region in the south of India the rains had been largely deficient; and slowly gathering volume, there began to swell into a mighty voice that great prayer for help from those in power, which nearly four thousand years ago was heard in the land of Egypt, when the people cried to Pharaoh for bread. But to the European rulers of India it is not given to dream prophetic visions foreshowing in striking allegory the things that will shortly be brought to pass, or if that gift is in them, perhaps other notable ones which they are known to possess have rendered it inoperative. They are not made aware of these calamities very long before they take place, yet on the other hand, when the trouble is on them, they usually display in dealing with it a resolution and energy which may be as beneficial to their subjects as the faculty of second sight, and possibly, let us suppose, are bestowed on them in its stead. Nor have they as a rule been entirely without foreknowledge either—such knowledge of the future, that is, as comes out of the knowledge of the past. For are not the years of plenty taxed to supply that much debated famine surplus, that reserve of money or money's worth, which corresponds to Joseph's granaries, and which, to provide against the day of necessity, is laid by with so much regularity every year—always of course excepting those years when it is convenient to spend the money otherwise?

In Europe also famines used to play occasional havoc, as Ireland is the sad witness. But nowadays, though the scarcity which of old thinned out the poor and needy of a whole generation

still recurs at intervals, we only read without too deep emotion that the crops in such and such a district have failed. We are not unnaturally hardhearted, but we rest tranquil in the knowledge that the extremity of distress will be prevented, for the failure is not universal, and supplies from regions however remote can soon be made available in any given place. Our complex and ample means of communication render this certain, and relief, whether transmitted by benevolent governments or purchased out of the savings of the sufferers themselves, is easily brought within reach of those in need without any appreciable difficulty having to be met in the way of its distribution. But in India, those railways of which we hear a good deal, though they strike through huge tracts, and cover miles which, when numbered, give imposing figures, form nothing of that network of lines which with larger or smaller meshes stands out so prominently on the maps of most parts of Europe. Trains roll from sea to sea, but over the vast areas between or beyond the main lines there are no intersecting branches, no systems of veins spreading away from the great arteries, and if in these neglected regions the influence of railways is in any way apparent, it is of the subtle kind insensibly and slowly modifying the conditions of life. Ordinary roads, moreover, are not unduly plentiful, nor does the bullock cart—the sole vehicle that traverses them—move with much expedition. Under such circumstances trade must always have difficulty in discharging its principal function, which we are told is that of placing commodities where they are wanted. And if on ordinary occasions this is the case, it is easy to figure what occurs in emergencies when the importance of saving time is supreme. To bring food into a famished country is comparatively easy—to make it available to those that are ready to perish is another matter. Have not men been found starved to death within a day's journey of abundance?

It is not then to be wondered at if

governments both local and central were said to be anxious—anxious in the first place for that complete information which should supply the means of judging whether the degree of actual want would render external help necessary to the affected districts, and secondly, anxious for the development of a system that could make distribution, when required, fairly perfect, meeting the special difficulties due to differences of races and physical conditions of the country they inhabited.

It was not so far certain that the calamity was of the really severe type—reports from different localities, colored perhaps by personal sympathies or antipathies in the reporter, agreed in little beyond the fact that crops were undoubtedly scanty; there was still room to hope for intelligence comparatively reassuring; but with the shadow of possible famine lying over the land all other public matters were obscured, the entire attention of responsible officials being supposed to be fixed upon the south. Members of the supreme government in Calcutta were spoken of as displaying a deportment even more reserved and inscrutable than customary, and though such an idea was necessarily without foundation, since the maximum of mystery had long before been adopted in daily use, still the very suggestion proves what inordinate weight the burden of the situation was presumed to lay upon official minds. Visitors from Europe, their imaginations stirred by harrowing newspaper articles and telegrams, regarded with respectful compassion these sorely tried men, too deeply concerned for the sorrows of their dark-skinned brethren to be able for any interval to divest themselves of the incubus of anxiety. Mrs. Cudlip, who had come out to spend the cold weather in Calcutta, as she cantered in the morning round the track on the race-course, looked with very genuine sympathy upon a little party of two secretaries to government and a member of council, who, walking their horses on the ring, were with sedate but not inanimate gestures engaged in

close discussion. It was only as she passed them a second time at a slower pace, and heard the member of council bewail in indignant terms a “further fall in the d—d rupee,” that she realized how the care sitting behind the horseman is not necessarily of a public nature.

It was a relief to find, a few minutes later, when she was joined by Mr. Henry Merivale, a somewhat prominent young merchant, that a non-official mind even at times of recreation could be occupied with the afflictions of others. Mr. Merivale talked constantly about the famine, and when she mentioned having overheard a remark of a high official, showed considerable concern to ascertain what it was. In particular he was anxious to learn whether government intended to send any assistance to the distressed population, and Mrs. Cudlip thought he had never appeared in a finer light to her than now, when he inveighed against the supineness of authority in not more readily coming to the aid of starving ryots. “If one could only know for a fact that they intended to buy rice or any other grain!” he said, with something like passion trembling in his voice. “Are these poor wretches to be allowed to starve? What wouldn’t I give to know that the government had decided to do something?”

His tone brought to her mind certain rather ill-natured remarks she had heard about this young man’s keenness in business matters. How little, it turned out, those who charged him with making efforts unduly strenuous and engrossing to achieve mercantile success, had grasped what his nature in reality was! What a nobly sympathetic character lay concealed under a manner which when important practical questions had to be settled perhaps appeared unusually earnest! But then men ought to be in earnest in dealing with the work they gave their lives to. Possibly, no doubt, Merivale’s commercial competitors, had they heard him speak, might have conceived that his intensity of feeling was connected less intimately with his famishing

fellow subjects than with that enhancement in the price of grain which would certainly ensue if the government entered the market as a buyer. To them it might have occurred that his anxiety for definite information was only another form of an anxiety to assist efforts to relieve distress by purchasing beforehand all available supplies—a kindly step by which benign rulers in similar cases have occasionally found their proceedings much simplified, and by which the philanthropic speculator possessed of timely knowledge has been enabled to advance his price with a comfortable sense of security as to the result. But if Merivale's rivals would perhaps have entertained such ideas as these, allowance must be made for commercial jealousy. As for Mrs. Cudlip, her eyes grew a little dim and her color a little higher as she listened to him speaking.

"Isn't there any one who knows?" she asked.

"Oh yes, probably," he answered. "I dare say some decision is taken, but they make a secret of it, you know. They always do that." Then, after a short pause, he went on, "I'll tell you who is sure to know—your friend Mr. Leckwith."

Mr. Leckwith was certainly a friend of Mrs. Cudlip's, though she had only come to know him personally since her arrival in India. His father was rector of the village near which her husband had bought a small property; and when she was left a widow, the family at the rectory had shown themselves to be her neighbors in that sense in which the man who fell among thieves near Jericho understood the word. Three years later, therefore, on her starting to spend the cold weather in Calcutta, it was natural that a son of the Leckwiths stationed there should be recommended to befriend her, and as he was now an under-secretary to the supreme government, the acquaintance could in several ways be of service to her. Though both he and his young wife would have desired to respond to his father's wishes by asking Mrs. Cudlip

to stay in their house, the expected arrival of a new baby had made that impossible, but an almost daily visit had enabled them to become nearly as well known to each other as if one roof had covered all three.

There was clearly some special significance in the way in which Merivale spoke, and Mrs. Cudlip had no doubt of what it was intended to convey. But for the moment she had no opportunity of pursuing the subject, for they were overtaken by that gallant officer Surgeon-Lieutenant Field-Marshal de Hauteville Sugg, who, actuated by a desire to render himself agreeable to the nice-looking widow, furnished her with much detailed information as to the circumstances under which he himself was liable to be attacked by fever, and the striking peculiarities of his personal experiences when he was suffering from that complaint.

When it was time to go home Mrs. Cudlip was accompanied to her door by Mr. Merivale, who, she thought, helped her to dismount a good deal more pleasantly than the average man; in the evening when she rode again she happened quite by accident to fall in with Mr. Merivale; at the house where she dined she sat next to Mr. Merivale; and during the small dance at Government House, to which she went after dinner she danced five times with Mr. Merivale.

All the world had seen for some weeks that these two people were drawing together. She had never concealed a liking for the society of this frank-mannered fellow, whom she met everywhere, and whose athletic proclivities showed him to be vigorous in body as his success in business proved him to be in affairs. She liked him, but she had not recognized that she looked on him with more than liking. But she had come to know it now; those few words of his about the starving natives had affected her more than innumerable small services and constant attentions of the sort that a man devotes to the woman he endeavors to please. She knew now that he was worth her regard, and he had it. She herself had

been profoundly moved by the accounts of suffering, actual and to be expected, in the death-smitten provinces, yet the people she commonly met did not as a rule speak much on the subject, or reveal more than a decent concern. But this man, who hitherto had kept his thoughts to himself, proved to be stirred to the depths of his nature—and she loved him for it. Was this going a trifle further than one would expect? Perhaps. Perhaps, too, Mrs. Cudlip was a little enthusiastic. For my part, I like a little enthusiasm.

On setting out next day to pay her customary visit to Mrs. Leckwith, she went with the determination of inquiring if nothing could be told as to the intentions of the authorities concerning the famine in the south. Mrs. Leckwith would, of course, find out and tell her, for it was unjust to suppose that a government calling itself paternal would deny to ardent friends of humanity so cheap a commodity as information. And then, when she had got the knowledge—can you not fancy an imaginary scene in her mind when it was imparted to some one else?

Unfortunately, her little enterprise was not quite so simple as she had thought. Experience, as well as precept, renders the wife of the official as guarded in her admissions as the official himself. Mrs. Leckwith was entirely disinclined to talk on the subject, and it was necessary to dedicate the whole of the visit to a stranger of importance, who had come upon the scene a fortnight or so before, and who was now engaged in that persevering suction of the forefinger which physiologists, I believe, attribute to a misapprehension.

Presently the babe lifted up his voice and wept, and was softly consoled by the slender girl who was sitting by his side. "Mosquito causing great botheration," she said, in the quaint travesty of the English language and accent known to the Anglo-Indian as *chi-chi*. Letitia dressed like a European, and on occasions spoke of herself as one, but her complexion did not warrant the conclusion that any large proportion

of her blood came from a European source.

The class to which she belonged—the great community of half-castes existing in India—do not appear to be unhappy; but is this appearance due only to their patience, and do the distrust and aversion of all the other races really mar their satisfaction in their lives? They are said to have grave moral defects, but the vices with which they are charged are chiefly those engendered by suspicion and the sense of their own weakness. With different treatment such faults might tend to disappear. But the tender-hearted Englishman, always ready at home to cry brothers with the oppressed savage or half-savage, drops much of his sentiment when, on crossing the Indian Ocean, he is confronted by real kinsmen not wholly pleasing in appearance or bearing. He leaves them severely alone. The brand of Cain was the stamp of his own evil-doing. "A touch of the tar-brush" appears to signify the ratification of that decree which through many generations visits upon the children the error of a single ancestor.

When Mrs. Cudlip's visit came to an end Letitia took her to the door, and then to the gate, and after that, seeing that it had grown dark, offered to walk home with her. To Mrs. Cudlip it seemed natural that some one should accompany her, and it seemed no less natural to Narain Singh, the *durwan*, that important person who spent his day in doing nothing with so much dignity at the gate. It was fortunate that it did seem natural to him. For between Narain and Letitia relations were strained—naturally they were strained. Had she not, doubtless in virtue of her European extraction, resisted, even scornfully resisted, his demand for that exceedingly appropriate toll which every self-respecting *durwan* levies from native servants and others entering at his gateway? Unhappily, the collection of this impost depends upon an unwritten, not a written law. It depends upon the great law of traditional custom, which to a Hindoo is

more binding than a statute. It cannot, therefore, be enforced in the ordinary way, and its infraction can be punished only with a moral visitation. This moral punishment with Narain usually took the form of what in the nursery and schoolroom we used to term tale-bearing, and had he suspected that Letitia was going out at such an hour without permission, it is to be feared that the circumstances, with many details added to enhance its significance, would very promptly have come to the ears of the domestic authorities.

It is sad to relate that after conducting Mrs. Cudlip to her door Letitia did not return at once nor by the most direct way possible. She followed a circuitous route leading her near the club, in which vicinity, in a quiet street, some one was waiting with whom she had rather a long conversation—so long, in fact, that when she did eventually return to the baby, her reception by Mrs. Leckwith was conspicuously wanting in cordiality.

As to who it was that Letitia met, of course nothing can be known—the evening was dark, and the street where she stayed so long was lonely and retired. It is useless to speculate as to that. To pass to other things, Mr. Merivale's face wore quite a different expression when Mrs. Cudlip met him that evening and let him gather that she had been sufficiently interested in what he had said to make an endeavor to obtain some information from Mrs. Leckwith.

"She is so completely taken up with the baby," she said, "nothing else may be talked of. I wish I had met her husband, I'm sure he would have told me."

"Possibly," Merivale answered dubiously. "But you really must not give yourself all this trouble. We shall all know about it sooner or later."

All his eagerness seemed to have gone. "Sooner or later" was a very lukewarm expression compared with the terms he had used the day before, and Mrs. Cudlip could not prevent a note of disappointment from sounding in her voice as she said:—

"I thought you were anxious to know."

It was a moment of some little difficulty for Merivale. By instinct he recognized what that tone meant, perceived by the way these few words were spoken that his desire to know if help were to be sent to those starving thousands had touched her sympathetic nature, and that he was in danger now of destroying in a moment all the effect he had before unconsciously produced. He wanted to marry Mrs. Cudlip, and he knew the danger of allowing himself to sink in her regard.

"I am anxious to know," he said; "but a man ought to get his information himself. Our friend Leckwith is a trifle uncertain in temper, you know. He might make himself disagreeable. I would rather anything in the world than that certain people should undergo anything unpleasant."

And there and then he was placed on the highest pedestal that existed in Mrs. Cudlip's estimation; and I think if he had said just a word or two more of a particular import, something might have been arranged that would have affected their joint lives in a very special way. But Merivale's mind was a good deal occupied with another matter just then, and he let the opportunity go by.

There was nothing singular in their thus meeting again at dinner. What is known as society in an Indian town is a small circle subdivided into smaller cliques, and the same people are repeatedly thrown together during the season. Mr. Dyer, the host, whose dignity as a judge of the high court somewhat restricted the number of ladies whom he could be asked to take down to dinner, found himself next the same woman at least twice a week. The same monotony in partnership was the lot of Mrs. Dyer, who, as a judge's wife, fell to other judges, members of council, senior military men, and generally the bald-headed, not wholly to her satisfaction. For, although on no account would she have derogated from the rights of her position, there was a trifle of thirty years between her



age and her husband's, and it cannot be said that when choice was open to her she selected his contemporaries in any marked way as the objects of her notice. For that matter, she did not bestow much of it upon her husband himself, her time being much occupied by one of those dazzling creatures who discharged the onerous and high-spirited duties of aide-de-camp to the viceroy. But lest this should suggest any scandalous idea of disagreements between husband and wife, it is but right to state that only the previous week she had been publicly seen driving alone with Mr. Dyer—a circumstance which had exercised the quidnuncs not a little.

Mrs. Cudlip went in with Surgeon-Lieutenant Field-Marshal de Hauteville Sugg, who talked all the evening of himself and sundry hardships undergone by him in the matter of leave and excess of duties. He was not more inclined to grumble than others in that depressing climate, but that was to him the natural way of trying to excite sympathy in the woman he admired. Below that face, dried and discolored by twenty-five years of the Indian sun, there was a heart with boundless possibilities of affection, which had been stirred to activity by the sweet-faced woman whose manner differed so greatly from that of the women he usually met there. He was endeavoring, most likely without being very distinctly aware of it, to make himself of interest to her, and if the method he adopted was not very far-sighted it is also not very uncommon—our own affairs usually seem worthy of other people's close attention. And Mrs. Cudlip was in no way disappointing—she condoled with him in his grievances, was sure he needed change, and could not conceive how he bore the strain of unalloyed, continuous responsibility. He was excited with nervous pleasure when the ladies rose to go up-stairs, and old Dyer, leaning close to him, said:—

"Pleasant woman, Mrs. Cudlip—and, I understand, has a good deal of money."

"D—n her money!" growled Sugg, creating in the mind of his host, whose experiment in matrimony had been of such doubtful success, an impression that the middle-aged doctor was a shrewd, hard-headed man of the world, not likely to trouble himself at his time of life about the other sex. Poor fellow! it was a heart he wanted, not money, and he was the only man in the room who did not guess where her heart was given.

The heavily-made, fat native who rolled into Merivale's office the next morning as soon as any one could be admitted to speak to the sahib, was Bhur Dass, the produce broker and speculator. You would have found difficulty in realizing that this man, with teeth blackened by betel nut, with soiled and tumbled clothes, and old shoes bursting at the side, was one of the controlling forces in a great market. You would more easily have imagined him to be the keeper of one of the tiny bazaar shops, where little heaps of grain are exposed for sale in minute quantities, which are carried away in plantain leaves; or a money-changer trading at the street corner with piles of coppers ranged upon his box and burying the rupees which he changes in the recesses of his girdle. But Bhur Dass was an important man in his way, too well known to find it necessary to be careful as to his clothes, and that heavy eye of his, where a network of brown veins overran the white, had a wonderful faculty of seeing through a bargain.

"Salaam, sahib," he said, lifting his hand to his forehead in the perfunctory manner which is assumed by the modern native trader and which has lost all semblance of respect.

And Merivale said, "Salaam."

"Any business to-day?"

"Not so far," said Merivale; and then a little conversation was held as to prices and supplies and general tendencies in the bazaar. When this was over Bhur Dass came closer, and, leaning on the desk, said:—

"Has the sahib any news?"

Merivale knew previously that Bhur

Dass had a partiality for garlic, and he was particularly sensible of it now.

"No—nothing special."

"The sahib is the intimate friend of many sahibs in the government—they are great men. When they come to any decision about buying grain to send south the sahib will certainly know. Such a thing will not be done without the sahib's knowledge." Bhur Dass had said that every day for the last fortnight.

Merivale shook his head.

"If the sahib wishes to do any business he will not forget his poor servant?"

"If I send for you, baboo, will you come at once?"

"I will come to your honor very, very quickly."

"If I don't send for you you had better come to my house to-night—say ten o'clock."

Bhur Dass, putting his hands together, said the sahib was his father and mother—he was, that is, grateful in the orthodox manner, having a presentiment of coming favors.

Merivale was closely occupied all day; but he had the gift of application, getting through his work quickly, and the anxieties of business lay lightly upon him. His office was well organized, so that references to him on small matters were not necessary, while at the same time he maintained a very adequate knowledge of all that went on. At half past five he locked his desk, sent for the senior European—an older man than himself—asked one or two questions, and gave a few instructions regarding current transactions. Then he got into a smart cart and drove to the club. There he had a whiskey peg, and finding the result gratifying had another, and then wandered into the card-room, where he played whist till it was time to dress for dinner.

An hour after Merivale had left his office Mr. Leckwith rose wearily from his table and began to put his papers into a large wooden box. This box would be carried by a scarlet-coated peon, which is, being interpreted, messenger, to his house, where next morn-

ing, at about six o'clock, Leckwith would open it, and in the freshness of a new day endeavor to complete some of the work now left unfinished. That unfinished work troubled him sadly, and the thought of it often descended upon him in the restless nights which were far too common for a man of his age. It resulted, he never doubted, from the duties of his post being too heavy and too many, and similarly he ascribed the sleepless nights to the activity of an overtaxed brain. But possibly if he had had a little less anxiety about details that were not really his concern, and if he could have trusted his subordinates as being likely to do their work as scrupulously as himself, he would have found it very possible to deal with the intricate questions with which it was his real duty to cope; and had he smoked fewer black Trichinopoly cheroots between six o'clock and noon he might have been less languid all the morning. But these things did not occur to him, and he plodded on with painful conscientiousness, often complaining, though resolute not to succumb, and firmly persuaded that he was falling a victim to the public service.

He walked home in the dark across the Maldan, the level but otherwise beautiful park of Calcutta. That evening walk he took religiously every day, in the belief that a gentle stroll of a mile was a form of exercise calculated to safeguard his health. On coming in he spent the interval before dinner in his wife's room, cheering her up, though whether the relation of the half-dozen official annoyances that had most fretted him during the day really contributed in any appreciable degree to enliven a sick-room may perhaps be doubted. After that he had to hurry away to change his clothes and be in time to receive an under-secretary in another department, who was coming to dine with him. Since Mrs. Leckwith's illness he had neither dined out nor asked any one to his own house, but she was growing better now, and, being a little apprehensive of the effect of these solitary meals upon his

melancholy disposition, had urged him to do something to break the monotony.

"Why can't you get Mr. Brand to come in?" she had said a night or two before, while they were both watching Letitia as she washed what was now irreverently termed old baby. "He's in mourning, and can't go out anywhere, and he would be glad to spend the evening quietly with you."

So Mr. Brand was coming, and arrived at two minutes to eight, looking very sleek and well. His grief in bereavement was clearly of the inward deep-seated kind; for outwardly he showed a cheerful and proper resignation to the dispensation that had removed Mrs. Brand from a world of temptation. "Whatever is best," he said mournfully to a friend when they came back from the funeral, and there was no reason to doubt that in this instance he spoke from conviction.

They were just going into the dining-room when Letitia came up and handed Leckwith a letter. As he tore it open at the dining-room door, he was wondering why it was brought by her and not in the usual way by a bearer, but as he read the few lines within he forgot that point. Brand, who saw the color rise in his drawn face and heard him muttering angrily, imagined that some bad news had reached him, and forbore to ask questions. His wife was safe up-stairs, so that it was not well to assume that consolation would be effectual.

But as soon as the servants had left the room, Leckwith pushed the letter across to him.

"Just read that, Brand, and tell me what you think," he said.

This is what Brand read:—

"My Dear Old Man,—I shall think it awfully kind if you will tell me whether the government has come to any definite decision either way about sending relief to the famine districts. You know what a lot of difference it will make in the market when the question is settled, and, of course, I don't want to be out of it when anything is going in my own line. I am sure you would do me a good turn if you could,

as I would to you if I got the chance; and if you are kind enough to tell me anything you know I shan't talk or play the fool.

"Yours sincerely.

"HENRY MERIVALE."

"What a rum un!" said Brand complacently, as he refolded the letter and put it back into its envelope.

"Rum un, you call him?" Leckwith cried. "How did the man dare to write like that to me?" It would, I think, have been a considerably less crime to have made the request to another member of the government. The imputation that he—Herbert Leckwith—could betray a State secret rendered the act especially offensive. He called Merivale a scoundrel, a blackguard, a sneak, and many more unpleasing names.

"I don't know that it's sneakish particularly," Brand said, in a quiet, deprecating way. "It's a very improper question to ask, but he asks it openly enough. Why let yourself be upset, Leckwith? You needn't give him an answer, you know. After all, there might be a fortune to a man who knew in time, and the temptation is too much, I suppose, for these box wallahs." A box wallah is a pedlar, the name given by the blue blood of official magnates to members of the commercial community. Brand's father had been a distinguished surveyor and house agent, and it is only fair to make allowance for inherited prejudice.

"No, I need not reply, but I certainly will, and let him know what I think of him. His letter ought to be published and shown up. I only wish it could be done."

Brand tried to change the subject. It was unnecessary to say more upon the matter—it ought, he considered, to be quietly ignored. He was probably right, for he had a good deal of worldly wisdom. Leckwith had no superfluity of that commodity, yet, somehow, with all his blundering and rash indignation, you would probably have preferred to trust any interests of yours to him rather than the other.

But Leckwith was not to be appeased.

and constantly reverted to Merivale. "My dear old man," indeed!" he burst out. "What a slimy way of writing! He has no right to address me like that. He is not on those terms with me."

It was in vain that Brand shook his head—he meant to imply that Merivale was one of those who address all their male acquaintance as "old man," and that the use of the term in the letter had no special significance. But he avoided saying anything to prolong the discussion, and smoked his cheroot tranquilly, waiting for a chance to divert the conversation.

"The man who would write such a letter as that would do anything," Leckwith went on. "He'd try any trick to find out what he wanted. I dare say there's some trick here. At least, he couldn't be such an infernal ass as to suppose he could get any information by writing to me."

Brand shook his head again. It was quite unjust, and a little puerile, to make these suggestions, but protest on his part might prolong Leckwith's tedious indictment.

"A most dangerous man," the latter continued. "He wormed out something about the budget last year, and rigged the government paper market. I believe he would have made a fortune then if some of the native dealers had not repudiated their contracts and bolted. I'm devilish glad they did. Why, if we were actually going to buy rice, and he got wind of it, he would make a corner of the whole presidency, and we should pay through the nose for every grain; and if he had an inkling now of the news we've got in, he'd sell frantically and ruin every dealer in the bazaar."

Brand saw a chance of changing the subject. "I suppose now there can't be any chance of having to send relief down," he said, knocking an inch of ash into his finger glass.

"How could there after that telegram?"

The telegram that reached the government that day was, "Reports show accounts of famine exaggerated. Can be dealt with locally." Brand had seen it

and was easily convinced of its entire truthfulness—of course the accounts were exaggerated—accounts of any sort that would have the result of increasing his own labors were exaggerated. He was beginning some scathing remarks about the general conduct of affairs in the Madras presidency, when he was interrupted by a figure at one of the open doors leading on to the verandah, and Mrs. Cudlip, coming in, said briskly:—

"Well, Mr. Beckwith, and who is the lady?"

Mrs. Cudlip's appearance at that hour is easily explained. She was living at one of those establishments which form a feature of Calcutta life. On the continent of Europe they are called pensions, and where they exist in England are sometimes euphoniously referred to as private hotels. In the eastern town the older and more accurate term, boarding-house, remains in use. They are not particularly comfortable, but there, where houses are scarce and rents high, they are almost a necessity, and at the beginning of the colder months the accommodation which they offer is eagerly competed for by the members of that fluctuating population which, on the return of hot weather, flies into other latitudes as if the town were plague-stricken. When she was not dining with friends, Mrs. Cudlip had usually no alternative after the table d'hôte but to retire and spend the evening alone in her own rooms, but to-night she had persuaded herself that duty required her to go and see Mrs. Leckwith, whom she had had no opportunity of visiting during the day. Perhaps she had also remembered that Leckwith always just now dined by himself, and she may have reflected that if she entered the house through the verandah she would find him alone, and might ask a certain question that we know of. It occurs to you that she was making a good deal of that question. It would have been wiser, you think, to believe that the constituted authorities would judge for the best, that they were likely to understand the requirements of the situation at least

as clearly as Mr. Merivale. Yes, but have you never been in love? Has it never seemed to you that some one else was better than all the rest of mankind—that the instincts and impulses of that person were singularly high, such as it was almost a duty to try to gratify? Have you never thought that you would like to be the one to gratify those noble impulses? Of course you never have, but there are people still living who can remember when ideas of this kind used to be not uncommon in the young.

She had left her servant, who walked with her, at the gate, and came over the tennis-lawn round the house into the verandah.

"Well, Mr. Leckwith, and who is the lady?" she said briskly, as she came in, and then, seeing Brand, felt abashed, and heartily wished she had gone straight up-stairs.

An introduction had to be made, and then she had to give an explanation of what brought her to the house. There was nothing in that explanation to make her turn scarlet; and I fear her change of complexion was due to a conviction which suddenly seized her that these two men had been at once struck by her entering through the verandah, and that their active intelligences setting to work had seen through the whole of her motives, and divined everything that had passed through her mind. She made sure that every little feeling in her heart was being carefully scanned. That, of course, was due to a consciousness on her part of guilt—the great guilt of being in love. What Brand was really thinking of was her ankle, wondering if its neatness was natural or due to the boot; while Leckwith was inwardly arguing that politeness did not require him to sacrifice his cheroot.

Of course, as things had turned out, she could gain no information from Leckwith, and was moving to the door with a view to going to Mrs. Leckwith's room, when she remembered her first question.

"Who *was* the lady, Mr. Leckwith?"

"No, you mistake, there has been no lady. We two dined together."

"But I saw her."

"Where?"

"In the verandah—over there."

"It must have been the ayah going home."

"No, it was a European in a hat. I saw her distinctly."

"It must have been a ghost, Mrs. Cudlip."

"But," said Brand, "haven't you a maid more or less European? Couldn't it be she?"

"Yes, but she wouldn't leave my wife in the evening, for the ayah has gone away now, too. Besides, what would she be doing in the verandah while we were at dinner?"

But as he spoke his expression changed a little. He remembered that it was Letitia who had given him Merivale's note, and now, while the note had been discussed, it seemed she had been within earshot.

He called a bearer, somewhat excitedly, and sent for Narain Singh, who presently came in, twisting round his shoulders the long roll of red stuff that seems to complete the uniform of a durwan. He salaamed profoundly.

"Durwan," Leckwith said, "has any one gone out of the gate?"

The nurse had gone, he said. Letitia's official name among the servants was nurse.

"Do you know what for?"

"She said she had a note from the memsahib," said Narain, pleased to be able to impute a possible misstatement.

Leckwith turned to Mrs. Cudlip. "As if my wife would send a note by that girl, especially at night!" he said, forgetting that Mrs. Cudlip had not understood one word of what had passed. Then he said to the durwan again, "Did any letter come for me before dinner?"

"None, sahib."

"You're quite sure?"

"His honor knows I speak the truth. No messenger came to the gate with any note."

"Brand," said Leckwith, with an exultant look, "do you see what has happened? I told you that fellow was prepared to play any trick, and I knew



he was too shrewd to fancy he could get any information out of me. He's bought over this half-caste girl. They knew we were dining together. The note coming just as we sat down was the lure to make us talk, and that mongrel creature was to listen to what we said."

"What on earth has happened?" said Mrs. Cudlip, who, not unnaturally, was completely mystified.

"Why, a man, who is received here as a gentleman, has been trying to find out a government secret, with a view to lining his own pocket by it. What is more, unfortunately, he has done it, and that by the dirtiest dodge human being ever conceived." Leckwith was too much excited to choose his terms.

"What a shocking thing!" Mrs. Cudlip said.

It seemed to her quite appalling. One reads of such occurrences, but to find them actually taking place within her own knowledge was a genuine pain to her. It was by quite a natural transition that her mind drew in bold lines a contrast to this cunning schemer whom greed put upon underhand devices. How worthily some one else seemed to show now—some one else who also wanted information on a subject for inscrutable reasons kept a secret by the government. But he wanted to know only to quiet a noble anxiety for a famished race whom he thought neglected. His mind was so high-pitched that he preferred foregoing his desire to allowing his friend to incur by inquiring the risk of the small unpleasantness of a denial.

"It would be only right to make the whole thing public, and show the man Merivale up." Leckwith said that, and said it with a stamp of the foot.

"What for? What do you mean?" said Mrs. Cudlip.

"What for?" said Leckwith, half forgetting that he was speaking to a lady. "I've been telling you what for, Mrs. Cudlip. That's the man!"

"No, no!" said she, with a ring in her voice. "You're wrong—you are, indeed. There is something, I know, that Mr. Merivale wants to learn, but it isn't to

make anything of it—it couldn't be, I know; he told me."

"Doesn't he want to make anything out of it? Look here!" Leckwith said, holding the letter out to her. Brand tried to interpose. In a minute he had seen the situation, and would have saved her from a shock. But Leckwith, if he had ever heard Mrs. Cudlip's name coupled with Merivale's, was too excited now to remember the fact—too proud of his own penetration to let doubt remain as to his discovery. Putting by Brand's arm, he held out the letter.

And Mrs. Cudlip read it.

As for Merivale himself, he certainly stood to make something very considerable. The unofficial accounts of the famine had continued to be very distressing, and the price of all the commoner sorts of food stuffs had been slowly rising from the anticipation that government could not long postpone the sending of relief. The same thing had happened with regard to the means of carriage, the cost of freight having persistently advanced. If grain were sent to the south from Bengal it must go by water, and as requirements would not then admit of delay, the government would be easily compelled to pay whatever was demanded. No doubt, this raising of prices was effected simply as a speculation, existing uncertainty as to the ultimate action of government rendering it dangerous to carry matters to an extreme. Still, it was substantial, and ample margin remained for an operator to work to excellent advantage if he were prepared to deal in large quantities, and always supposing that his insight—that is, his information—could be relied on. And Merivale had no doubt that his information would be entirely trustworthy. Letitia, whom he had somehow got hold of, had shown faculties eminently suited for procuring it. He had at one time thought that he could discover what he wished to know by the aid of Mrs. Cudlip, but the need of despatch was urgent, and Letitia would go to work more promptly, and the results of her endeavors would prob-

ably be more definite. Her methods, you see, were exceedingly practical. It was she who had devised the plan that had been carried through, for Merivale, though quite ready to pay for anything she could discover, would have shrunk from actually suggesting a trick to entrap a man whom he called his friend. To profit by a snare was one thing, to lay it himself was another—and Letitia's quick wits soon realized this. Knowing that the two secretaries would dine together, she perceived that as soon as the servants, who are always credited with understanding some English, had left them, they would have no reason for reserve, and the only difficulty was to insure their talking on the right topic. "Master will write one letter to Mr. Leckwith," she said; and Merivale, asking no questions as to how it would be used, wrote it, leaving her to do the rest. In that climate, except during perhaps two weeks in the year, there is never any disposition to keep rooms closed at evening—the windows folding like doors stand always open—and Letitia knew where she could post herself so as to hear all that passed. It was almost impossible that the two men in discussing the letter could fail to give indication of the course to be pursued. As a matter of fact, everything came out precisely as she designed—the intentions of the government were made abundantly clear; she had heard all she wanted to know, and, far too much occupied by her success to notice Mrs. Cudlip entering the other end of the verandah, had run off to impart her information.

But she did not go straight to Merivale. There was some one else who, she intended, should have the first opportunity of profiting by her ingenuity.

In a different direction, on the border of the Maidan, a sallow youth was standing under a cotton-tree waiting for her. He had been there doing nothing for half an hour to keep his tryst, and the delay had exercised him deeply. In his employer's shop, where he was engaged as a kind of clerk, he daily spent three times that period in abso-

lute inertness with much inward satisfaction. But it was different in his spare hours, and besides, he was in a state of profound excitement, for, armed with the information that she would bring, he was to repair to the bazaar, and there, plunging wildly into speculation, risk the enormous sum of two hundred rupees with reckless temerity upon a certainty—that is to say, if he could induce any native broker to deal with him.

"Oh, you are coming very late," he said, with obvious emotion, when at length Letitia appeared. To do justice to the variety of his accent would require musical notation traversing several octaves.

Letitia explained that she was not late, and that what she had to tell him was of the most complete accuracy.

"You can put more on it," she said. "Very safe."

"Oh, very much afraid," replied Mr. de Souza.

I think some little osculatory exchange had to take place, and then he hurried off to cast the commerce of British India into the seething whirls of speculation. It was half an hour or more after Letitia had left the house that Merivale at the club received a little pencil note.

"No, nothing will be sent. This is pukka."

He had refused to play cards or billiards, saying he had fever, and was going home early. A few minutes after getting the note he was in his cart, going as fast as his horse could trot towards the house where he lived. This was not in the pleasantest part of the town, but in the business quarter, where he shared the upper stories of a building with two other men whose offices were below. It would have been more agreeable to live near the club, in the district where Europeans mostly congregate; but to a man given to speculation a neighborhood more easily approached by native dealers had considerable advantage. For your Hindoo broker does not confine his operations to the hours which alone we dedicate to business. As long as he is awake he

is ready to trade—he has no pastime and no resource so full of pleasure and interest to him; and gathering at certain known spots, groups of dusky speculators, leaning against walls or squatting on their heels, prolong their transactions far into the night.

Merivale was a good deal strung. In the next hour he meant to do the biggest thing he had ever done. It would be unsafe to delay, for there was no saying how soon some government announcement might not be made. But until something was said officially all was in his own hands. He was quite satisfied with his information, confident in his own adroitness in managing the market, and, as Brand had said, there was almost a fortune in it. He was not a man whose mind was given to painting pictures of the future, but he could not once or twice resist the reflection that in the next few days the whole aspect of his life would probably be in some measure changed. There are times when we cannot help feeling certain of events.

As he drove into the gateway he expected to see Bhur Dass's bare legs standing under the porch. It was after ten o'clock, but he had not yet come. Another broker came in just after the cart, and Merivale gave him a small order to buy rice. There was no need of showing his own hand. The man closed at once, without going to the bazaar to put the transaction through. It seemed a little singular, but, supposing it happened to fit in with some dealings already made, Merivale thought no more of the circumstance. It was a quarter of an hour later when Bhur Dass appeared at the door of his room.

"You are very late, baboo," said Merivale.

"That is my fault, sahib."

"Well, what is going on?"

"His honor knows best what is going on."

"I have been thinking, baboo, that there is no use waiting and doing nothing. We have all spent a good many weeks watching to see what would happen, and nothing has hap-

pened. I have made up my mind to sell a little." Merivale's Hindustani was not of the highest order, but he was fluent, and made himself easily understood.

"I will see his honor in the morning," said Bhur Dass.

"Better do it now. When I decide on a thing I like to put it through at once."

"But the sahib wishes to sell."

"Yes."

"How can I sell? There is no buyer at present."

"No buyer?" Merivale was irritated, suspecting that Bhur Dass was trying to make capital himself by putting definite construction on his desire to sell. "No buyer? Why, the market is strong, man. You know as well as I do that every one is trying to buy."

"Has the sahib any information?"

"No, of course I have not." This was still more irritating. As if, having information, he would be likely to make it public!

"The sahib has not seen any telegram?"

"I have seen no telegram."

Bhur Dass put his hand into some mysterious place in his garments, and produced a scrap of printed paper. One or two of the newspapers in Calcutta, in default of evening editions, issue to subscribers a series of slips giving telegrams and other pieces of news as they arrive. It was one of these slips, wet from the press, that Bhur Dass produced. Merivale held it under the lamp and read it. It bore that same telegram of which Leckwith had spoken, saying that the accounts of the famine were exaggerated and that it could be dealt with locally. There it was for all the world to see. Every dealer in the bazaar knew as much as he did. No wonder there were no buyers.

"I had not seen it, baboo. I shall do nothing to-night. You may go."

So the vision of that fortune which Merivale had been contemplating vanished.

That night Bhur Dass made some extra and especially savory offerings to his family idol—some braised corn, some

garlic, and a small measure of ghee. This last article was a thought rancid, but perhaps the cheery little divinity did not notice this. Transcendental philosophers tell us that everything perceived by our physical senses is but a material shell, an envelope of a spiritual reality within. In the morning the envelopes of the corn, the garlic, and the ghee were still there, so the gratified idol had doubtless consumed only their spiritual realities, and spiritual ghee can surely not be rancid. But whatever it was that the revered being ate, he certainly merited additional offerings that night. Quietly as he sat under his silver crown, with his black, flat legs so uncomfortably crossed, he had exerted himself to protect the family that bowed down to him, and warded off from them the direst calamity that could befall mortal men—to wit, the loss of many thousand rupees. For the faithful head of the race, in the person of Bhur Dass, had some time before ten o'clock repaired with two friends to Merivale sahib's house—and had the sahib come back while he was there, Bhur Dass would most likely have done business on his own account that would have turned out very lamentably. The excellent deity foresaw this—that is very clear—and he inspired Leckwith sahib, a member of the government, to drive down at the unusual hour of ten o'clock at night, and ask in a stern voice for Merivale sahib.

Bhur Dass, bending very low, had answered for the durwan that the sahib was not yet in.

"What are you?" Leckwith said. "You're not a servant."

"Sahib, no. I am a broker."

"What do you deal in?"

"I deal in produce, sahib, mostly grain and the like."

"And you are waiting to do business now with the sahib?"

"Yes, sahib."

"Has he done anything yet?"

"Not yet, sahib."

Leckwith laughed aloud. The three men drew round the cart anxiously, nothing doubting that he had brought

special news for his friend. To a Hindoo such a proceeding seems too natural to be called in question.

"Then go round to the *John Bull* office and see what news there is before you do anything."

And off waddled Bhur Dass and his companions, not many minutes before Merivale's steaming horse came through the gate.

Do you ask what had brought Leckwith there? Primarily the desire to expose Merivale, to tell him that his device had been discovered, and to denounce the unholy gains which he must have already reaped. But when it appeared that he had not yet availed himself of his opportunity. Leckwith's feelings underwent modification. Events might be left to work themselves out, he thought, and he returned to his house.

But it was not the wish to stand face to face with Merivale that had brought him out that night. He had gone to that house because he was in the vicinity, and his heart had burnt to tell the trickster what he thought. But it was for a different reason that he had driven to this part of the town. He had come down because a woman, galled by deep and scornful indignation, had urged him to do something, if it was only to make an attempt to stand between the gambler and his victims. As Mrs. Cudlip read the letter that Leckwith had held out to her, down had come the pedestal in her mind, down had come Merivale's image with it, and away flew a hundred pretty dreams that fluttered round it. His own words revealed him. A woman can allow for so much in the man she cares for. She could have reconciled herself to the fact that he was a trifle over-sharp in business; that tendency might perhaps have figured merely as eminent ability, envied, and therefore denounced, by others. Even the attempt to learn a secret useful to himself her mind might have represented without harshness as the outcome of that eagerness for success so characteristic of the inscrutable male mind. But to have deceived her, to have posed to her as

the noble lover of mankind, when his desires were wholly in the root of all evil, to have cheated her of her admiration and sympathy—these things were not to be forgiven.

"You will prevent this being done, of course?" she said.

But both the gentlemen said it was too late. By this time Merivale's operations would be already begun, and if it were not so there was nothing to be done. The government news might be published to-morrow, but not to-night. One could not cry it in the streets.

"Well, but do your best—do something," broke from Mrs. Cudlip.

To Brand it sounded ridiculous—it was time to be going to bed in that climate—not to be doing one's best in any way. But Leckwith was different. He was not easily roused to any action beyond assiduous application to the routine work of his office. Naturally inert, he preferred to let things drift, and when the chance of remedying them had gone by he was wont to blame ill-luck. That was his temperament. But an appeal to exert himself in what seemed a righteous cause had never failed to touch his sensitive conscience—touched it, perhaps, the more deeply because exertion was distasteful to him physically—while to find a woman more intent on doing right than himself was humiliating to him.

"I've been turning it over in my mind," he said. "I'm afraid it's useless, but perhaps we ought to try. It will mean loss to so many if Merivale carries his trick out."

So he hurried round to the member of council in charge of his department, who at once agreed that they should apply to the editors of the newspapers to put the telegram in circulation. He drove to the office as fast as his horse would go. The requests of governments are not lightly refused, and a quarter of an hour later the telegram was being put in type.

Yet, had Merivale gained his piece of knowledge half an hour earlier, had Letitia gone straight to him when she passed Narain Singh's gate, even then

a fine stroke of business would have been done, and several thrifty and well-to-do natives would have come dangerously near to ruin. But Letitia had never intended to go at once to the club. This secret that was so valuable to one man must bear a value for another too, and she had determined that the lad she loved should have the first chance with it.

She had hurried to that cotton-tree where we saw her on the Maidan, and as she walked away some sweet little dreams rose in her mind. Were not the great weavers of dreams—youth and the prospect of opulence—at her side? She dreamed of a tiny bungalow in a certain close, unsavory street. There, in leisurely state, and complaining of the heat as a European lady should, she would regulate an obsequious household; there the passer-by should see the luxurious punkah wave through the day and evening; there on Sunday mornings she would receive dusky visitors, to whom she would talk of going to the hills, and ridicule the ways of native servants; and there De Souza, arrayed in a hot black frock-coat and sun helmet, should, like a true English gentleman, swear in menacing accents at trembling domestics. Well, we all have our ambitions.

In point of fact, Mr. de Souza was the only person who had the opportunity of putting Letitia's information to practical use. Having, not without difficulty, found a broker professing readiness to trust him, marvelling at his own audacity, he sold rice in such quantities that when the actual news was made public he stood to gain between fifty and sixty rupees. The conception that he would handle that sum rendered his night feverish and restless.

But when the time for settlement arrived, the broker, having furnished no written contract, gave him instead of the money a placid smile, and the assurance of his belief that the sahib had dreamed it all.

When Merivale called the following day on Mrs. Cudlip, her door was shut, which is the Indian equivalent of "Not



at home." By the next steamer she left for England, having discovered that her affairs called urgently for her presence there.

Surgeon-Lieutenant Field-Marshal de Hauteville Sugg went home not long afterwards. Owing to the absence of another surgeon he had been compelled to spend over three hours a day at the hospital, and nature had not borne the strain.

He lives now in England, having married a pretty widow. He announced his engagement in a letter to Mr. Dyer, who told some of his friends of it at dinner. "Pleasant woman, she is," and then, closing his left eye with pertinacious compression, he added, "got a bit of money, too."

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From Temple Bar.

A TRIAD OF ELEGIES.

In spite of the interval of two hundred and twenty-four years between the appearance of Milton's "Lycidas" and the publication of Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis," there are many points of similarity and contrast which render a comparative study of these poems and Shelley's "Adonais" a work of profit and delight. To begin with, there is the kinship of subject; they were written by *poets on poets*. In the case of Keats and Clough, the subjects of "Adonais" and "Thyrsis," we have examples of actual achievement in the realm of poetry, but King, the *Lycidas* of Milton's elegy, has, with the exception of college pieces, written, of course, in Latin, bequeathed to posterity no literary remains, and only the great poet's words:—

He knew

Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme,  
seem to warrant the conclusion that a life of poetic promise had been lost to the world. It is interesting to observe that Milton and Shelley were exactly the same age—twenty-eight—at the date of the composition of their respective poems, and that there was only the difference of a single year between the

ages of King and Keats at the time of their early death. In the case of King and Clough it was a college companionship and friendship that was mourned by the surviving poet, and tender and beautiful recollections of university life form one of the most especial charms of "Thyrsis," and—though in a far less degree—of "Lycidas" also, in spite of the conventional and idealized disguise in which in this latter poem they are presented to us.

Passing now from these accidental resemblances in respect of age and circumstances, we have to note a more important feature, i.e., the manner in which the theme is treated. "Lycidas" entirely, and "Thyrsis" occasionally, are artificial in style, and take the form of the Pastoral Eclogue, which Virgil, who adopted that particular form from Theocritus, changed from its primitive simplicity and repeatedly gave it an allegorizing turn, the shepherds taking part in the dialogue representing not unfrequently persons of eminent political and literary renown. Milton has followed his classical models pretty closely throughout, and "Thyrsis" contains lines which echo portions of "Moschus' Lament for Blon." To this cause must be ascribed the allusiveness of these poems, much of the charm of which will be lost upon those who have not a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Roman poets who served as their models.

The pastoral disguise is absent in "Adonais," which is, on the whole, a more original work than the other two. Nevertheless, Shelley has shown a marvellous mythopoeic power, worthy of a true Greek, in the vivid and passionate life which he has breathed into his fanciful personifications. The dreams and splendors which mourn for Adonais are intensely real, and there is a beautiful appropriateness in including the dead poet's own creations amongst those who wept over his fate:—

All he had loved, and moulded into  
thought  
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet  
sound,  
Lamented Adonais.



An interesting point to be observed in these three elegies is the *influence of locality*, or the amount of local coloring, which they severally exhibit. In the case of "Lycidas" this is extremely slight; in "Adonais" it gives the tone to some of the finest passages towards the end of the poem; whilst in "Thyrsis" it forms the most enduring charm, and imparts to the poem that unique quality which renders it so dear to a certain class of readers. Milton was a Cambridge man, and "Lycidas" was written for insertion in a volume of memorial poems contributed by King's companions and fellow-students at the university, and yet he has nowhere given us a description, which proves that the place, with its venerable buildings and beautiful gardens, had taken hold of his imagination and affections. True he alludes, touchingly enough, to their companionship and united studies in the well-known lines:—

For we were nursed upon the self-same  
hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade,  
and rill;  
Together, both, ere the high lawns ap-  
peared  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove afield, and both together heard  
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry  
horn  
Battening out flocks with the fresh dews  
of night,  
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his  
westerling wheel.

Stripped of its pastoral imagery there is no trace of Cambridge here, but turning at once to "Thyrsis" we notice the strong local coloring imparted to the poem by the whole environment of the university city.

By all those who have known and loved Oxford, who have felt within themselves the truth of the lines from Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet:—

The Spirit of Antiquity enshrined  
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet  
song,  
In picture speaking with heroic tongue,

And with devout solemnities entwined  
Mounts to the seat of grace within the  
mind,

"Thyrsis" and its companion poem, the "Scholar Gipsy," will be cherished with a peculiar fondness. The Oxonian who has departed into the "world and wave of men," and wishes to revive the memory of past days, will often turn to these two poems, with their record of youthful friendship, their delightful handling of familiar scenes and places, combining the most perfect local fidelity with all the charm that imaginative associations can lend—their exquisite linking of classic fancy with native thought and feeling, their pathetic retrospects, and the chastened sadness of their reflections on the changes wrought by years of absence and the hand of death. You look in vain in "Lycidas" for any trace of that feeling which in "Thyrsis" blends the sentiment of the place with the lives and friendships of those who came thither in their

Height of strength and jocund youthful  
time.

A single line like the following:—

And that sweet city with her dreaming  
spires,

tells you more about Oxford than Milton's pastoral imagery does about Cambridge, these lines included, in which the poet is alluding to the river Cam:—

Next Camus, reverent sire, went footing  
slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the  
edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed  
with woe.

"Adonais" was written at Pisa, when the news came from Rome of the premature death of Keats, and the atmosphere which pervades the poem is that of Italy. The three stanzas describing the birth of spring, and the beauty and the joy with which all things animate and inanimate are clothed, recall the passage in the preface to the "Prometheus Unbound" in which

Shelley ascribes the inspiration of that drama to "the bright blue sky of Rome and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate." With what a fitness, then, does the description of the place of his burial amongst the ancient ruins, clothed with all the beauty of spring flowers, harmonize with our thoughts of him as one whose melodies had adorned and hidden the coming bulk of death.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;  
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,  
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress  
The bones of Desolation's nakedness  
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

Another characteristic common to all these poems is what may be called the *personal element*—i.e., the authors themselves are rather more conspicuous than the persons whose memory they are celebrating. Particularly is this so in the case of Shelley, who had hardly ever met Keats, and had, moreover, censured the false principles of taste upon which several of the young poet's earliest efforts were founded.

"Adonais" was evoked by an intense feeling of sympathy, rather than friendship, a sympathy born of the knowledge of the fact that they both were the objects of ruthless and even brutal criticism, and likely to be sharers of the same fate. To Shelley, the premature close of Keats's life must have intensified this feeling of sympathy, and lent a peculiar force to the description of himself in the poem, as one "who, in another's fate, now wept his own."

This intrusion of the author's personality is not to be attributed to mere egotism on the part of the poets. In commemorating their lost friends there was no biographical intention,

nor is any piece of individual portraiture of them attempted; it is by indirect touches only—by the expression of grief on the part of the surviving friend—that we are left to infer the extent of the loss.

One of the chief delights of the higher literature is the revelation of personality which it affords; to be brought into immediate contact with genius is to have fresh vigor infused into the inmost recesses of our being—to be thrilled with a keener sympathy for the joys and sorrows of humanity. Who is not fortified as he reads the well-known lines in "Lycidas," where the poet hints that to him had come a crisis when he had to make his choice between a life of pleasure and self-indulgence and the faithful and strenuous pursuit of a self-imposed ideal—"to sport with Amaryllis in the shade" or "to scorn delights and live laborious days"?

Turning to the poems themselves, it is interesting to contrast the character which the intrusion of this personal self reveals in each.

In "Lycidas," in spite of the melancholy occasion which evoked the monody, Milton, thrilled with the aspirations of opening manhood, exhibits a calm and self-possessed spirit, as of one who had girded himself for a great effort, and saw before him in life the goal of some lofty achievement. It is this spirit which comes out at the close of the epilogue—those concluding lines in which the poet speaks in his own person:—

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Very different is the revelation of himself which Shelley gives us in the "Adonais." It is a piece of most passionate self-description; there is nothing in it of the calm temper of Milton. The wild sorrow and sadness of it, the isolation of a lonely and tormented heart, seem to indicate the author of the "Stanzas written in dejection near Naples." We recognize in the words the tone of one who could cry:—

No more let Life divide what Death can  
Join together.

Midst others of less note came one frail  
form,  
A phantom among men; companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I  
guess,  
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveli-  
ness  
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o'er the world's wil-  
derness,  
And his own thoughts, along that rugged  
way,  
Pursued like raging hounds their father  
and their prey.

Unlike Shelley, Matthew Arnold had  
reached middle life when he wrote  
"Thyrsis," to commemorate his friend.  
A. H. Clough. As he looks back into  
the past, across an interval of years,  
the loss of the bounding energies of  
youth, with its high hopes and enthu-  
siasms, the instability of all human  
things, the "change 'twixt now and  
then," are contemplated by him in a  
spirit of sober, chastened, and pensive  
sadness. Like his favorite poet, Words-  
worth, he would have said:—

Thus fares it still in our decay,  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

In spite of the reserve which made  
such self-disclosures as Shelley has  
given in "Adonais" as impossible as  
they would have been distasteful to a  
poet like Matthew Arnold, this stanza  
from "Thyrsis" has all the charm of a  
frank, personal utterance:—

Yes, thou art gone! and round me, too,  
the night  
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade;  
I feel her veil draw soft across the  
sky,  
I feel her slowly-chilling breath invade  
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair  
sprent with grey;  
I feel her finger light  
Laid pausefully along life's headlong  
train;

The foot less prompt to meet the morn-  
ing dew,  
The heart less bounding at emotion  
new,  
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to  
spring again.

Equally characteristic of the three  
poets is the *religious spirit* in which  
each dealt with his theme. Apart from  
the personal loss which Milton lamented  
in "Lycidas," the thought that his  
friend was intended for the Church, in  
whose fold he would have proved him-  
self a faithful shepherd and no hireling  
—thus helping to avert the ruin, as the  
poet says, of "our corrupted clergy then  
at its height"—brought one of the  
bitterest pangs when the sad news of  
the shipwreck was announced. This,  
whilst it makes the poet's grief less  
personal, imparts to it more of a  
spiritual character, as purging it from  
all taint of selfishness; and there is  
no doubt that the buoyancy of hope  
with which Milton could look forward  
to the future after his loss sprang from  
the fervent faith which could end the  
dirge in a strain of a triumphant con-  
solation for the mourners:—

So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high  
Through the dear might of Him that  
walked the waves,  
Where other groves and other streams  
along  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and  
love.

Shelley was no materialist or atheist,  
though he had no definite belief which  
could be formulated in words; his posi-  
tion has been defined as that of an Ideal  
Pantheist. The four concluding stan-  
zas of "Adonais" form his most beauti-  
ful and inspired conviction of this  
belief; but this describing the after  
state of his friend as conceived by  
Shelley may be contrasted with Mil-  
ton's biblical conception of apocalyptic  
bliss:—

He is made one with Nature,—there is  
heard  
His voice in all her music, from the  
moan

Of thunder to the song of night's sweet  
bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and  
stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power  
may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its  
own;  
Which wields the world with never  
wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath and kindles it  
above.

In "Thyrsis" the religious spirit is shown in a chastened feeling of resignation, not unmixed with hope and fortitude to endure. To the poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century, harassed by the scepticism of the intellect, and at the same time by the wish to believe—by the confusion arising from the divorce between the heart and the head—the voice of his dead friend comes bidding him chase away fatigue and fear, and press onward to the light that had been the object of their youthful quest—that "fugitive and gracious light, shy to illumine," which two centuries ago had lured the Oxford scholar away from his books to learn the strange lore of the gipsy tribe in the vain hope of its discovery:—

Why faintest thou? I wandered till I  
died.

Roam on! The light we sought is shining  
still.

Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet  
crowns the hill,  
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.

Another characteristic to notice is the manner in which Nature is treated in the three poems. Taking "Lycidas" first, with the exception of the broad piece of landscape painting compressed into the two lines:—

And now the sun had stretched out all  
the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay,  
the scenery of the poem is mainly classical and conventional. Reminiscences of Virgil and Theocritus, of the scenery of Mantua and Sicily, are interspersed with the familiar features of the landscape of England and Wales.

Still, the imaginative splendor and verbal felicity of the lines describing the dawn:—

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.

While the still morn went out with sandals grey.

And the picture of St. Michael's Mount:—

Where the great vision of the guarded  
mount

Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's  
hold,

will always excite deserved admiration.

Very different is it when we turn to the poetry of Shelley and Matthew Arnold. The modern feeling for nature, so prominent in the works of the great poets of this century, is easily discerned. Purely descriptive passages of great beauty are frequent, especially in "Thyrsis," and the perfect truth and delicate finish of this picture of an English village garden in early summer, with its sweet scents and sounds, must be apparent to all:—

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,  
When the year's primal burst of bloom  
is o'er,

Before the roses and the longest day—  
When garden-walks and all the grassy  
floor

With blossoms red and white of fallen  
may

And chestnut flowers are strewn,—  
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting  
cry,

From the wet field, through the vext  
garden trees,

Come with the volleying rain and  
tossing breeze;

The bloom is gone, and with the bloom  
go I.

But it was the sense of a manifold life in nature, acting upon man, which Matthew Arnold learned from Wordsworth, the consciousness of a presence that could shed a calming, healing, and restoring power on the heart, and make him feel and confess that "still the haunt beloved a virtue yields," which is stamped upon such lines as these, and

sheds a pathetic light of its own upon the purely descriptive passages:—

And this rude Cumner ground,  
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet  
fields,—

Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youth-  
ful time,

Here was thine height of strength, thy  
golden prime,  
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

Shelley, too, in "Adonais," conceived of nature not as dull, dead matter, but as alive and animated by a quickening spirit which "with plastic stress sweeps through the dull, dense void." He did not, like Matthew Arnold, receive from her any healing or consoling power; rather he regarded her as the Mighty Mother who would take his uncompanioned spirit and make him feel "one with the essence of the boundless world." It is this spirit of nature which Shelley, in ecstatic vision, feeling himself "remerging in the mighty whole," addresses as:—

That Light whose smile kindles the  
Universe,  
That Beauty in which all things work  
and move,  
That Benediction which the eclipsing  
Curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustain-  
ing Love  
Which through the web of being blindly  
wove  
By man and beast and earth and air  
and sea  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mir-  
rors of  
The fire for which all thirst—now beams  
on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mor-  
tality.

There is one point in which Shelley stands in remarkable contrast to the other two poets. In spite of the fact that no such intimacy ever existed between Keats and himself as existed between Milton and King, or between Arnold and Clough, "Adonais" is more passionate in its expression of grief than either "Lycidas" or "Thyrsis."

Nor is this surprising when it is remembered how much more keenly Shelley sympathized with the sorrows of imaginary beings than with the pains and griefs of actual human life. Contrast, e.g., the brief expression of personal sorrow in these two lines from "Lycidas"—

But, oh! the heavy change now thou are  
gone—  
Now thou art gone and never must re-  
turn!

and in this line from "Thyrsis"—

They all are gone, and thou art gone as  
well,

with the passionate outburst of Urania over Adonais in the following stanza:—

Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;  
Kiss me so long as but a kiss may live;  
And in my heartless breast and burning  
brain  
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts  
else survive,  
With food of saddest memory kept alive.

The pastoral and mythological framework in which "Lycidas" is set is open to objection on the score of incongruity—an objection which applies with less force in the case of "Adonais" and "Thyrsis," though the form of these two elegies is also to a large extent conventional. And yet it must be allowed that this indirect method of handling the theme is not without its advantages; for the loss of those distinguished by supreme gifts of heart and mind is not merely a private loss, but a loss to the world at large, and not for the moment only, but for all time; and the poet, by investing his subject in a mythological and pastoral disguise, is keeping inviolate the sanctuary of private sorrow, whilst at the same time he is handing down to posterity an affecting memorial of a life which died "on the promise of the fruit," or just at the moment when the maturity of its powers might lead us to look for still greater achievements.

CHARLES FISHER.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
NEW LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon has hitherto been known to the world by his history, his autobiography, and a selection from his letters. In the stately style of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" every word has been weighed and measured for its appropriate place in the balanced period. His autobiography is an elaborate composition, written and rewritten to satisfy a fastidious taste, and finally put together by Lord Sheffield and Lady Maria Holroyd from the different drafts which he left behind him. His letters have been carefully selected, edited, and arranged, in order to show him in the light which his friend and executor thought most becoming to the dignity of a great historian. Everywhere it is Gibbon dressed for effect; the natural man behind is practically unknown. It is Gibbon "the fine gentleman," as he appeared when equipped for Boodle's Masquerade at the Pantheon, in "a fine Velvet Coat, with ruffles of My Lady's chusing," and in a "sincerely pretty Wastecoa" sent him by his step-mother.

But Gibbon is one of the greatest names in our prose literature, and what the world wants is to see the man in his unguarded moments, when he is most true to himself; to know him as he was known to his valet Caplen, or his housekeeper Mrs. Ford; to catch him in some natural attitude, as when he forgot the presence of the princesses at Turlin, and "grew so very free and easy, that I drew my snuffbox, rapped it, took snuff twice (a crime never known before in the presence-chamber), and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my forefinger stretched out." This autumn the world will have the opportunity of learning something of the real Gibbon. A mass of his letters will be published, most of which have never before been printed, ranging over a variety of subjects, and touching upon the social gossip of the day, his literary pursuits, his friendships, tastes, and domestic affairs, his parliamentary

career, and his political opinions. The letters cover the period from 1753 to 1794. They begin with the time when, as a boy of sixteen, he had become a Roman Catholic, had left Oxford, and was sent to Lausanne to be placed under the care of Pastor Pavillard. They end with his death in London in 1794. Almost every detail of his life is laid bare, and the general result of the self-revelation of his character will undoubtedly be to raise the popular estimate of Gibbon as a man.

Suzanne Curchod, afterwards Madame Necker, has left a picture of Gibbon as he was at the age of twenty. "Il a de beaux cheveux"—it must be remembered that, at the time she wrote, she was engaged to the youth whom she describes—

la main jolie, et l'air d'une personne de condition. Sa physionomie est si spirituelle et singulière que je ne connois personne qui lui ressemble. Elle a tant d'expression qu'on y découvre presque toujours quelque chose de nouveau. Ses gestes sont si à propos, qu'ils ajoutent beaucoup à ce qu'il dit. En un mot, c'est une de ces physionomies si extraordinaires, qu'on ne se lasse presque point de l'examiner, de le peindre et de le contrefaire. Il connoît les égards que l'on doit aux femmes. Sa politesse est aisée sans être trop familière. Il danse médiocrement.

In this picture it would be difficult to recognize the unwieldy figure of the man who fell on his knees to propose to Madame de Montolieu, and could only rise with the assistance of a servant when he had received his refusal. Nor could M. de Bièvre, who was wont to say that he took his daily exercise by walking three times round M. Gibbon, have imagined that the corpulent critic of Christian dogma was ever "the thin little figure with a large head," who astonished M. Pavillard by "disputing" and urging with the utmost ability all the best arguments that had ever been used in favor of popery."

Gibbon did not long remain a Roman Catholic. The second letter in the forthcoming collection describes his re-conversion. It is amusing to find



that he was sufficiently a boy to practise the ingenuous stratagems of artless youth, and to base on the good news of his return to Protestantism an appeal to the generosity of his relations. The letter dated February, 1755, is addressed to this maternal aunt, Miss Catherine Porten, the "Aunt Kitty" who in his childhood supplanted the place of his mother. The first part, which has been already printed, states that he is "now a good Protestant," and in stilted language remarks on the difficulty of a Church of England man resolving on "Communion with Presbyterians." The second part, which is new, confesses in a curious jargon of English and French his loss of one hundred and ten guineas at faro. In his despair he bought a horse from the rook who had plucked him, and set out to ride to England to raise the money. He had only reached Geneva when his tutor recaptured him and brought him back to Lausanne. Would Miss Porten lend him the money? His aunt refused to pay his debt of honor, and the letter is indorsed by his stepmother, Mrs. Gibbon, with the note: "Pray remember this letter was not addressed to his mother-in-law (*sic*), but his aunt, an old cat as she was to refuse his request."

Aunt Kitty's refusal did not, however, impair her nephew's affection. In almost the next letter he tells her, with evident delight, that the bird of prey by whom he had been plucked had fallen into the hands of the "famous Mr. Taft" at Paris, and had been stripped of 8,200*l*. This is, in all probability, the Mr. Taaffe who, four years before, had made himself notorious at Paris. With his friends Edward Wortley Montagu and Lord Southwell he invited to his rooms one Abraham Payba, a Jew money-lender, made him drunk, and in less than an hour won from him eight hundred *louis d'or*. Payba paid his debt with bills which he took care should be dishonored. Finding themselves outwitted, Taaffe and Wortley Montagu broke into his house and helped themselves to a much larger sum in cash and jewellery. For the robbery

they were imprisoned for three months in the Grand Châtelet.

For five years (1753-58) Gibbon lived at Lausanne. Here he pursued the literary studies which bore fruit in his "Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature," published in French in 1761. He joined too in the social amusements of the town, and in philandering with the young girls who call themselves "La Société du Printemps," or were associated in the "Académie de la Poudrière." So long as he was in love with the multitude he was safe; but at these social gatherings he met Suzanne Curchod, the only child of the pastor of Crassy. In his unpublished journal for June, 1757, occurs the entry: "I saw Mademoiselle Curchod; *Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori*." The following lines, quoted from some indifferent verses addressed by him to the object of his worship, expand the idea of the Latin line:—

Tôt ou tard il faut aimer,  
C'est en vain qu'on façonne;  
Tout fléchit sous l'amour,  
Il n'exempte personne,  
Car Gib. a succombé en ce jour  
Aux attraits d'une beauté,

Qui parmi les douceurs d'un tranquille  
silence

Reposait sur un fauteuil, etc.

The affection of Mademoiselle Curchod was deeply engaged, and he was sufficiently in love to implore her to marry him without waiting for his father's sanction. But his passion seems always to have had the exaggeration of unreality, for Julie von Bondeli, the friend of Rousseau and of Wieland, describes him as waylaying the country people on their way to or from Lausanne, and demanding, at the point of a naked dagger, whether there existed a more adorable creature than Suzanne Curchod.

In April, 1758, Gibbon, engaged to be married to Mademoiselle Curchod, left Lausanne to return to England. The Seven Years' War, which, as Horace Walpole says, "reaches from Muscovy to Alsace and from Madras to California," rendered all roads more or less

impracticable, and Gibbon tells his father that he shall travel as "a Swiss officer," with "Dutch regimentals and a passport from the Canton of Berne. I am pretty sure," he adds, "that my tongue won't betray me." He had been in England two months when he wrote to his aunt, Miss Hester Gibbon, a letter which is interesting from the foretaste which it affords of the future historian's style, a style that is strikingly contrasted with the ease of his ordinary correspondence. Miss Hester Gibbon, it should be said, had taken William Law, the author of the "Serious Call," for her spiritual adviser and almoner, and supported by her charities various educational and philanthropic institutions which Law administered at King's Cliff in Northamptonshire. "Though the public voice," writes her nephew and natural heir in July, 1758,

had long since accustomed me to think myself honored in calling Mrs. Gibbon my aunt, yet I never enjoyed the happiness of living near her, and of instructing myself not less by her example than by her precepts. Your piety, madam, has engaged you to prefer a retreat to the world. Errors, justifiable only in their principle, forced my father to give me a foreign education. Fully disabused of the unhappy ideas I had taken up, and at last restored to myself, I am happy in the affection of the tenderest of fathers. May I not hope, madam, to see my felicity complot by the acquisition of your esteem and friendship? Duty and inclination engage me equally to solicit them, all my endeavors shall tend to deserve them, and with Mrs. Gibbon I know that to deserve is to obtain.

Gibbon's mode of life would not perhaps have satisfied Miss Hester Gibbon. He had intended to pass his winters in London, and his summers with his father and stepmother at Beriton, near Petersfield in Hampshire. The first winter after his return from Lausanne was spent, according to this plan, in London, where he was negotiating the publication of his "*Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature*." He was without acquaintances in the fashionable world, though it was, even at this time, his

ambition to be treated as a man of fashion. His few friends were chiefly literary men, whom he knew through David Mallet. The coffee-house which he frequented was the Smyrna in Pall Mall, the haunt of writers, and still tenanted by the shades of "The Spectator" and "The Tatler." He belonged to no club, and lodged over a "linnen draper's" in New Bond Street, where he had "a very good first floor dining-room, bed-chamber, and light closet, with many conveniences, for a guinea and a half." His "very handsome chair" cost him twenty-seven shillings. His one fashionable acquaintance was Lady Hervey, the "beautiful Molly Lepel" of the Hanoverian Court in the early quarter of the century, the widow of the "Sporus" of Pope and the Boswell of Queen Caroline and George the Second, and the mother of three successive earls of Bristol.

His plans for the summer were disturbed by the calling out of the militia as a permanent force. The South Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, which he joined as captain, and of which he ultimately became colonel, was kept continuously "under arms, in constant pay and duty," from June, 1759, to December, 1762. No stranger position could be imagined for the future historian. Francis Osbaldeston himself was not more out of his element among his cock-fighting, fox-hunting, horse-coupling cousins than was Gibbon in the society in which he was compelled to live. In his unpublished diary he thus describes his brother officers: "no manners, no conversation, they were only a set of fellows all whose behavior was low, and most of whose characters were despicable." The sarcastic lines of Dryden might have been the motto of the battalion:—

Of seeming arms they make a short essay;  
Then hasten to be drunk—the business of the day.

His diary is a curious mixture of criticism of Greek and Latin authors,

analyses of the books which he read, reflections on historical characters, excursions on Greek particles, and of such entries as the following:—

August 22, 1765.—Last night Captain Perkins led us into an intemperance we have not known for some time past. I could do nothing this morning but spew. I scarce wonder at the Confessor who enjoined getting drunk as a penance.

August 28, 1762.—To-day Sir Thomas [Worsley, the colonel of the battalion] came to us to dinner. Pleased to see him, we kept bumperizing till after roll-calling, Sir Thomas assuring us every fresh bottle how infinitely soberer he was grown.

September 29, 1762.—We drank a vast deal too much wine to-day, and had a most disagreeable proof of the pernicious consequences of it. I quarrelled when I was drunk with my good friend Harrison (the Lord knows for what), and had not some of the company been sober, it might have been a very serious affair.

Yet Gibbon had the good sense to see that his military training was an advantage to him. If it initiated him into one of the vices of the age, it also taught the raw youth, "quiet, retired, somewhat reserved" as he describes himself, to hold his own in the world. He agreed with Dr. Johnson in thinking that "a camp, however familiarly we may speak of it, is one of the great scenes of human life," and, from his own experience, he might have said with Lord Chesterfield that "Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in."

In the summer of 1762 the Seven Years' War began to draw to an end. Peace was in the air. Gibbon was preparing for the Grand Tour, on which his heart had long been set. His first step was to break off his engagement with Mademoiselle Curchod, for part of his plan was a visit to Lausanne. An attempt has been recently made to show that he behaved badly towards the girl whose affection he had won. Probably there were faults on both sides. He had heard from his friend M. d'Eyverdun that Mademoiselle Curchod had been inconstant, and there

is no reason to suppose that he did not believe the report. When he reached Lausanne he received a letter from her in which she said that she had never ceased to love him. He thus comments upon it in his unpublished diary:—

J'ai reçu une lettre des moins attendues. C'étoit de Mademoiselle C. Fille dangereuse et artificielle! Elle fait une apologie de sa conduite depuis le premier moment qu'elle m'a connu, sa constance pour moi, son mepris de M. de Montplaisir, et la fidélité délicate et soutenue qu'elle a cru voir dans la lettre où je lui annonçois qu'il n'y avoit plus d'espérance. Les voyages à Lausanne, les adorations qu'elle y a eû, et la complaisance avec laquelle elle les a écouté formoient l'article le plus difficile à justifier. Ni d'Eyverdun (dit elle), ni personne, n'ont effacé pendant un moment mon image de son cœur. Elle s'amusoit à Lausanne sans y attacher. Je le veux. Mais ces amusements la convainquent toujours de la dissimulation la plus odieuse, et, si l'infidélité est quelquefois une foiblesse, la duplicité est toujours un vice. Cette affaire singulière en toutes ses parties m'a été très utile; elle m'a ouvert les yeux sur le caractère des femmes et elle me servira longtemps de preservatif contre les seductions de l'amour.

In January, 1763, Gibbon left England for the Continent. His letters are not mere topographical descriptions, but are full of interest from their notes on men and things. In the eighteenth century we were almost continuously at war with France; yet we were then as popular with our avowed enemies as we are now disliked by our so-called friends.

What Cromwell wished [he writes from Paris] is now literally the case. The name of Englishman inspires as great an idea at Paris as that of Roman could at Carthage after the defeat of Hannibal. Indeed, the French are almost excessive. From being very unjustly esteemed a set of pirates and Barbarians, we are now, by a more agreeable injustice, looked upon as a nation of Philosophers and Patriots.

His own position at Paris is interesting. On the score of his "Essai," which in England was ignored, he was received

as a man of letters. The one fly in the amber of his pleasure was that he could not satisfy his ambition to be regarded as a man of fashion. The *salon* at which he was most welcomed was that of Madame Geoffrin, the widow of a wealthy ice-merchant, and nicknamed by Madame du Deffand "*la mère des philosophes*." His reception at Paris in 1777 was very different, and marks the advance that he had made in the social position, which he valued more highly than literary fame.

At Lausanne he lingered several months, engaged, as he tells his step-mother, "in a considerable work, which will be a most usefull preparation to my tour of Italy." It is the first hint of the design which took shape at Rome in the "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*." "It is," he continues,

a description of the ancient Geography of Italy, taken from the Original writers. If I go into Italy with a work of that kind tolerably executed, I shall carry everywhere about with me an accurate and lively idea of the country, and shall have nothing to do but to insert in their proper places my own observations as they tend to confirm, to confute, or to illustrate what I have met with in books. I should not even despair, but that this mixture of study and observation, properly digested upon my return to England, might produce something not entirely unworthy the eye of the publick on a subject upon which we have no regular or compleat treatise.

With this object in view he worked hard at Lausanne and subsequently travelled through Italy. Scarcely a detail of his plan appears in his letters, which are rather written to distract his own mind from such serious subjects than to instruct his father and stepmother. Here, for example, is a picture of Voltaire in his retirement at Ferney, which will serve as a sample of his letters from abroad. It should be mentioned that in 1757-58, when Voltaire was settled at Monrepos, Gibbon had seen him act in his tragedies of "*Zaire Alzire*," "*Zulime*," and his sentimental comedy, "*L'Enfant Prodigue*."

After a life passed in courts and Capitals, the Great Voltaire is now become a meer country Gentleman, and even (for the honor of the profession) something of a farmer. He says he never enjoyed so much true happiness. He has got rid of most of his infirmities, and tho' very old and lean, enjoys a much better state of health than he did twenty years ago. His playhouse is very neat and well contrived, situated just by his Chappel, which is far inferior to it, tho', he says himself, "*que son Christ est du meilleur faiseur de tout le pays de Gex*." The play they acted was my favorite "*Orphan of China*." Voltaire himself acted Gengis, and Madame Denys Idamé; but I do not know how it happened; either my taste is improved or Voltaire's talents are impaired since I last saw him. He appeared to me now a very ranting unnatural performer. Perhaps, indeed, as I was come from Paris, I rather judged him by an unfair comparaison than by his own independent value. Perhaps too I was too much struck with the ridiculous figure of Voltaire at seventy acting a Tartar Conqueror with a hollow broken voice, and making love to a very ugly niece of fifty. The play began at eight in the evening, and ended (entertainment and all) about half an hour after eleven. The whole Company was asked to stay and set Down about twelve to a very elegant supper of a hundred Covers. The supper ended about two, the company danced till four, when we broke up, got into our Coaches, and came back to Geneva just as the Gates were opened. Show me in history or fable, a famous poet of Seventy who has acted in his own plays, and has closed the scene with a supper and ball for a hundred people. I think the last is the more extraordinary of the two.

After Gibbon's return to England in June, 1765, he resumed his old manner of life, spending his summer months at Beriton and the winter in London, occupied either in literary work or in the less congenial task of endeavoring to extricate his father from his pecuniary embarrassments. In 1770 the elder Mr. Gibbon died, and the son succeeded to the wreck of what had once been an ample fortune. "Economy," he tells his aunt, Miss Hester Gibbon,

was not amongst my father's Virtues. The expences of the more early part of his life, the miscarriage of several promising schemes, and a general want of order and exactness involved him in such difficulties as constrained him to dispose of Putney, and to contract a mortgage so very considerable that it cannot be paid unless by the sale of our Buckinghamshire Estate. The only share that I have ever taken in these transactions has been by my sensibility to my father's wants and my compliance with his inclinations, a conduct which has cost me very dear, but which I cannot repent. It is a satisfaction to reflect that I have fulfilled, perhaps exceeded, my filial duties; and it is still in my power with the remains of our fortunes to lead an agreeable and rational life.

Even this satisfaction he was at first denied. His stepmother had heard a rumor that his own imprudence was the cause of the financial difficulties. He repudiates the suggestion with some warmth and considerable dignity. "As a raw lad of one-and-twenty, unacquainted with law or business, and desirous of obliging" his father, he had consented to join in cutting off the entail and raising a mortgage of 10,000*l*. But he had none of the money for himself, neither was it raised to pay his debts. His allowance was never more than 300*l*. a year, and on that he lived. He had never had any other debts than common tradesmen's bills, trifling in amount and annually paid. "I have never lost at play a hundred pounds at any one time; perhaps not in the course of my life. Play I neither love nor understand." He had probably, for the moment, forgotten his losses as a boy at Lausanne. "I should deserve the imputation," he continues, "could I submit to it with patience. As long as you credit it, you must view me in the light of a specious hypocrite, who meanly cloaked his own extravagancies under his father's imprudence, and who ascribed to filial piety what had been the consequence of folly and necessity."

Gibbon was now a landed proprietor, and no man could be more unfitted for the part. For a few weeks the novelty

of the position amused him, and he asks with some show of interest after the breaking in of the colt, the progress of the rot among the sheep, or the prospect of improved prices in wheat. He even hugs himself with self-satisfaction at the shrewd bargains which "Farmer Gibbon" has driven in letting his farms, or at the judgment with which he has sold his hops. But to a man of his tastes and temper the details of estate management and the strenuous idleness of country life grew intolerably irksome. Dilatory in his habits, his letters are a treasury of excuses for unpunctuality in correspondence. He had no country pursuits. His sporting friends are savages who hunt foxes. "Neither a pack of hounds, nor a stable of running horses, nor a large farm" had any interest for him. Magisterial work did not appeal to him. "I detest," he says, "your races, I abhor your assizes." The rustic mind was unintelligible to him, and he to it. If his tenants wished to see him, he would make any concession to avoid a deputation of the "savages." While he is negotiating the sale of one of his estates, he has an interview with the agent and the proposed purchaser: "though we did not speak the same language," he says, "yet by the help of signs, such as that of putting about the bottle, the natives seemed well satisfied." In all matters of business he was careless, forgetful, impatient of legal forms, helpless as a child. If his signature is required to a deed, he is sure to sign his name in the wrong place. If he is asked to make interest on behalf of a friend, the letter is probably placed in the wrong enclosure, and "Lord Milton's heir was ordered to send me without delay a brown Ratteen Frock, and the Taylor was desired to use his interest with his cousin the Duke of Dorset." It is not therefore surprising that he soon grew "tired of sticking to the earth by so many Roots," or that before many months Beriton was let, and Gibbon settled in London.

In 1773 he took from Lady Rous the lease of No. 7 Bentinck Street. It was



now that his real life began. He was like a child with a new toy, immersed in the mysteries of furnishing, and closeted for hours with "Ireland, the Upholder." His library especially was to be a triumph of art. Mahogany book-cases were proscribed. "The paper of the Room will be a fine, shag, flock paper, light blue with a gold border, the Book-cases painted white, ornamented with a light frieze; neither Doric nor Dentulated Adamic." Once settled in his house, with his books round him, he left his library with reluctance except for society.

This abominable fine weather [he says] will not allow me a quiet hour at home without being liable to the reproaches of my friends and of my own conscience. It is the more provoking as it drives me out of my own new, clean, comfortable, dear house, which I like better every week I pass in it. I now live, which I never did before, and if it would but rain, should enjoy that unity of study and society in which I have always placed my prospect of happiness.

London was to him never dull; there at least he could keep "the monster Ennui at a respectful distance." For him its heat was always tempered; even its solitude was "delicious." In "the soft retirement of my *bocage de Bentinck Street*," the dog days pass unheeded.

Charming hot Weather! I am just going to dine alone. Afterwards I shall walk till dark in *my* gardens at Kensington, and shall then return to a frugal supper and early bed in Bentinck Street. I lead the life of a true Philosopher, without any regard to the world or to fashion.

Master of a good house, possessed of rare conversational powers, as an Amphitryon on l'ou d'ne, the giver of the "prettiest little dinners imaginable," Gibbon soon made his way in London society. He had come up to the metropolis knowing only a few second-rate men of letters. His militia training had made him acquainted with the county members and a few of the county gentlemen of Hampshire and Berkshire. His grand tour had wid-

ened the circle of his friends. Now he was a welcome guest in London houses. The doors of exclusive clubs, though he was a bad whist-player and never gambled, were opened to him. He joined the Catch Club; he became a member of Boodle's, of Almack's, and of Brooks's. At the latter he was a well-known figure. In some verses written by Richard Tickell in 1780 to celebrate the election of the Hon. John Townshend for the University of Cambridge occur the lines:—

Soon as to Brookes's thence they foot-  
steps bend,

What gratulations thy approach attend!  
See Gibbon rap his box: auspicious sign  
That wit and classic compliment combine.

As M.P. for Liskeard and subsequently for Lymington (1774-84), his position was still more assured. The publication of the first volume of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in 1776 made him a literary lion. "I have the satisfaction," he writes to his stepmother, a month after the appearance of his book, "of telling you that my book has been very well received by men of letters, men of the world, and even by fine feathered Ladies, in short by every set of people except perhaps by the Clergy, who seem (I know not why) to show their teeth on the occasion. A thousand Copies are sold, and we are preparing a second Edition, which in so short a time is, for a book of that price, a very uncommon event." Men of letters and men of fashion had been, for at least a hundred years, divided by a gulf which patronage scarcely pretended to span. Horace Walpole, indeed, dabbled in literature, though scholars unfairly sneered at his literary pretensions. Gibbon, on the other hand, forced the learned to admit that he was their master with their own weapons, and that his knowledge and industry were equal to his natural genius. On the whole he bore his honors meekly. He makes no secret that his vanity was flattered by his success; but he remained the same good-natured, kind-hearted man that he was before he



woke to find himself famous throughout Europe.

His correspondence ripens under the pleasant sun of prosperity. For the amusement of his stepmother he becomes the court newsmonger, the theatrical critic, the literary adviser, and even the retailer of gossip. It is for her benefit, for instance, that he tells the story of the duel to which Lord Bellamont challenged Lord Townshend, and its amusing sequel.

I am so unfashionable as not to have fought a duel yet. I suppose all the Nation will admire Lord B.'s behavior. I will give you one instance of his—call it what you please. Lord T.'s pistol was raised when he called out, "One moment, my Lord; Mr. Dillon, I have undertaken a commission from the French Ambassador—to get some Irish poplins. Should I fall, be so good as to execute it. Your Lordship may now fire."

Six weeks later, he writes again:—

This morning, the fact is certain, an Address was delivered to Lord B. from the Grand Jury of the County of Dublin, thanking him for his proper and spirited behavior. Incomparable Hibernians! A Judicial Body, appointed to maintain and execute the Laws, publicly applaud a man for having broke them.

For his friend Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, he collects the latest political intelligence, and flavors his reports with the most recent scandal of the clubs or the green room. Gibbon sat in Parliament throughout the American War; he was an intimate friend of Lord North, Charles James Fox, and Lord George Germain; he witnessed the overthrow of the favorite minister of George the Third, and the commencement of Pitt's parliamentary career. The times were full of excitement, and Gibbon, though a silent member, was a shrewd observer. On-lookers often see the most of the game. Some of the interest of the political letters lies in the restoration of passages which Lord Sheffield had suppressed. One example must suffice. In 1788 Fox paid Gibbon a visit at Lausanne, and he describes with

enthusiasm the charm of that statesman's conversation. But Lord Sheffield omits the account of Mrs. Armistead, who was travelling with Fox, and of the effect which her presence produced. "The wit and beauty of his Companion," writes Gibbon, "are not sufficient to excuse the scandalous impropriety of shewing her to all Europe, and you will not easily conceive how he was lost himself in the public opinion, which was already more favorable to his Rival. Will Fox never know the importance of character?"

Gibbon carefully studied for himself the questions at issue in the American War. From Israel Mauduit, the agent of Massachusetts Bay, and from Governor Hutchinson, he gathered material for forming an independent judgment. "I think," he says, "I have sucked them very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable Speaker." It is curious to note in his letters the apathy of Parliament on the subject. "In this season and on America," he writes in May, 1775, "the Archangel Gabriel would not be heard." His own opinion was, on several points, adverse to the policy of the government, which, except on one occasion, he steadily supported. He was one of those indolent men who attach themselves to political leaders rather than to political principles. For Lord North he felt a warm affection, and throughout voted with him, sometimes against his better judgment.

His speech would probably have been silver; his silence was certainly golden. In 1778 he was appointed a commissioner of trade and plantations, with a salary of 750*l.* a year. Fox believed that he had been bribed by office, and expressed the belief in the lines:—

King George in a fright  
Lest Gibbon should write  
The story of England's disgrace,  
Thought no way so sure  
His pen to secure  
As to give the historian place.

Gibbon held the appointment till the

abolition of the office in 1782. The loss of it decided him to leave England, though his friends were influential and active, and he might have secured another post. He was rapidly getting into debt, and he was anxious to finish his history. In 1784 he settled at Lausanne, and there passed the remainder of his life. It was on his second visit to England, in 1793-94, that he died on the 16th of January, 1794, at 76 St. James's Street, the house of Peter Elmsley, the bookseller.

It may be asked, in what way do these letters raise the popular view of Gibbon's character? Indolent and easy-going as he was, he was capable of making moral resolutions and of adhering to them with determination. At one time Gibbon fell into the habit of excessive drinking, which was a vice of social life. But in 1764 at Lausanne, after a drunken orgy, he was made aware that he had forfeited the respect of his better friends, and he cured himself of the vice, without adopting the desperate remedy of total abstinence. It was an age when men staked their fortunes on the fall of cards. Gibbon never gambled. It was an age when the tone of society was grossly immoral. Gibbon could say in 1774: "You once mentioned Miss F[uller]. I give you my honor, that I have not either with her, or any other woman, any connection that could alarm a wife." He went into Parliament with the intention of obtaining a lucrative office. But he valued his own independence so highly that, to secure it, he not only toiled laboriously with his pen, but voluntarily exiled himself from England when, to a man of his age and tastes, such a wrench must have been severe.

For friendship he had a true genius. No trouble was too great to be taken for a friend, and this by a man who loved his ease to excess. To be by the side of Lord Sheffield, who had recently lost his wife, he hurried home to England from Lausanne at a time when the beginning of the Revolutionary War made his journey difficult, if not hazardous. He was a friend of children and a lover of dogs. His letters

about little "Datch" Holroyd, a son of his friend who died in childhood, shows his tender nature. The dogs to which he attached himself were not the breeds that appeal to sportsmen; but the following passage from a letter, written to thank his stepmother for the gift of a Pomeranian, shows that he loved canine society:—

After drinking coffee in the Library, we went down-stairs again, and as we entered the Parlor, our ears were saluted with a very harmonious barking, and our eyes gratified by the sight of one of the prettiest animals I ever saw. Her figure and coat are perfect, her manners genteel and lively, and her teeth (as a pair of ruffles have already experienced) most remarkably sharp. She is not the least fatigued with her voyage, and completely at home in Bentinck Street. I call her *Bath*. Gibbon would be ambiguous, and Dorothea<sup>1</sup> disrespectful.

In a note accepting an invitation to Twickenham, he calls the Thames an "amiable creature." It is pleasing to relate that on his way he was upset into the water, and received a ducking for the affectation. But an affected manner could not conceal his kindness of heart. For his housekeeper, Mrs. Ford, he was careful to provide a support in her old age; his butler, Caplen, though he could not speak a word of French, refused a proffered pension and insisted on following him to Lausanne. To young men and boys he took the pains, even when he was famous, to make himself agreeable. The recollections of the younger Colman may be quoted as a proof. "The great historian," says Colman, writing of a time when he was himself a boy, "was bright and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy; but it was *more sua* (sic); still his mannerisms prevailed; still he tapped his snuff-box; still he smirked, and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he was conversing with men."

Above all, Gibbon was a straightforward, strictly honorable man. His relations and Lady Sheffield were al-

<sup>1</sup> The Christian name of his stepmother.

ways seeking him a wife, nor, as his letters show, was Gibbon averse to the idea of matrimony. But he made no secret of his opinions on questions of religion, and was careful that, if inquired into, they should be known. "The Lady Mother," he writes,

has given me as proper an answer as can be expected. There is only one part of it which distresses me—*Religion*. Your evasion was very able; but will not prudence as well as honor require us being more explicit in the *suite*? Ought I to give them room to think that I should patiently conform to family prayers and Bishop Hooper's Sermons? I would not marry an Empress on those conditions.

After all, what occasion is there to enquire into my profession of faith? It is surely much more to the purpose for them to ask, how I have already acted in life—whether as a good son, a good friend, whether I game, drink, etc. You know I never practised the one, and in spite of my old *Dorsetshire* character, I have left off the other.

Gibbon had his faults; but, judged by the contents of these letters, and by the standard which he himself proposes, there can be but one answer to the questions he suggests, and that answer is emphatically in his favor.

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
SOME REFLECTIONS OF A SCHOOL-  
MASTER.

Almost a quarter of a century has passed since there appeared in "Maga" a short series of papers under the title "In my Study-chair." It is an accident of our good fortune that we are privileged to take an affectionate and hereditary interest in those papers, written as they were by one who not only could appreciate to the full the worth of other men's books, but also had himself the pen of a ready and a graceful writer. His was one of those rarely cultured minds to which nothing appealed more strongly than the treasured works of the old-world

writers, and the volumes on which his eye loved to dwell as he sat in his study-chair were those ancient classics with which he himself kept up a lifelong friendship, and into the contents of which, in his later years, he so ably contrived to give "unlearned readers" some insight. Dear to his heart were the books themselves, and dearly cherished the associations connected with the early study of the prose and poetry of what to the modern advocate of a purely utilitarian education are indeed dead languages, but which, as an appreciative student justly remarked, "must continue to be the key of our best English literature."

That only a very moderate portion of that spirit has fallen to our lot is the misfortune of a less intellectual nature. We have indeed a warm admiration for many though not quite all the classics, but it is the admiration only of a passing acquaintance as distinct from the constant affection of a familiar friend. A passage from Homer, dullard though we are, we acknowledge to sound to us more full of poetical fire than anything ever written in our own language; and we readily believe that in the *Odyssey*, "be its authorship what it may, lie the germs of thousands of the volumes which fill our modern libraries." Certainly in our early schooldays it was impressed upon our memory in more ways than one by a somewhat Draconian ruler, that between the works of Homer, Shakespeare, and Walter Scott there existed a close relationship; and many a sin in the way of failure to construe our *Iliad* was covered by a timely recollection, real or feigned, that something very like the passage was to be found in one or other of the *Waverley* novels. It was as well, be it remarked, not to be too accurate on such occasions; for welcome indeed then the command, "Fetch me all my *Waverleys*, my boys," and the last half of that awful hour, which fortunately came but once a week, was spent by the whole class in looking for the parallel passage. Had we failed to strike that chord, the order—so painful experience

taught—might have been, "Fetch me the black-book and the cane. I'll flog ye all." And what a load of anxiety was rolled off from our young minds when the rumor ran round the school that the warden had gone off for a change in the company of his Homer and his Shakespeare. For then we small fry, who heartily feared, though it was our creed to say we loved, his presence, felt that for a few days at any rate life was indeed worth living.

Or, again, we can read with pleasure passages in the Greek tragedians, and, while we only imperfectly appreciate their grandeur, can wholly recognize and regret our incapacity to give a rendering of them in English at all worthy of the original.

Finally, even to our untutored ears, a speech of Pericles in Thucydides, or a Philippic of Demosthenes or of Cicero, seems to have about it a ring and a power which a Burke or a Sheridan or a Magee may have rivalled, but which contrasts very favorably with the *Times*-reported oratory of the modern politician.

And yet with all our shortcomings in respect to the classics, we may lay claim to having to a limited extent inherited a fondness for books. But the volumes, we are fain to confess, with which our own modest library is replete are the writings of the English novelists of the earlier half of the century—Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. These we loved dearly in the past; as we gaze on the old familiar titles our thoughts wander back over many happy hours spent in their society; our only grievance against them in the present is that, as we take down one of our favorites from its place in the shelf and open it at haphazard, we feel that we shall know exactly what came on the preceding, and what will be told us in the next, page.

Ye come again! Dim visions of the past!  
That charmed in life's young morn these  
weary eyes.

Shall I essay this time to hold ye fast?

Still clings my heart to empty fantasies?

Ye throng around! Well! Be your glamorous cast

Upon me, as from shadowy mist ye rise!

Youth trembles through me, while I breathe again

The magic airs that whisper round your train.

Ye bring with ye the forms of happier days,

And many dearest shadows rise to view;  
Like tones of old and half-remembered lays,

Come early Love and Friendship tried and true:

Thought wanders back through Life's bewildering maze.

If such epithets as "dim" and "shadowy" can hardly be said to apply to our recollections of the books of the three great authors we have mentioned, it is because we have from time to time, we might almost say from year to year, refreshed our memory. But much at any rate of an old friend's apt rendering of Goethe's introduction to "Faust" seems to describe the feelings we cherish for their works. As we look back to the many pleasant hours spent in the company of Esmond, David Copperfield, Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward, and other favorite heroes, we can readily understand that an enthusiast like Mrs. Fenwick Miller found in books a comfort and an interest that have never failed. Some of our best loved authors' works we naturally have found more interesting than others, but a reperusal of many that we have once hastily condemned has not unfrequently brought about a reversal of judgment, and though we have criticised "Bleak House" as too long, "Pendennis" as dull in parts, "St. Ronan's Well" as tame by comparison with Sir Walter's best work, we still feel that if we were condemned to a week's solitary confinement, we would choose any one of the three to while away the hours in preference to Mudie's box full of modern three-volume novels. Every detail of "Ivanhoe," and of many others of the Waverley novels, we had at our fingers' ends long before most boys leave a preparatory school; but

while we can envy young and lucky people who still have these books to read for the first time, we console ourselves with the thought that they are there on the shelf ready at hand for us to read again when we will. But we hear on all sides now that the time is out of joint with the Waverley novels, and we have been told in these latter years that the Wizard of the North has no longer the power to interest the rising generation, that his work is too dry and too old-fashioned, and that the young brain requires a more invigorating and more satisfying food—that the children's teeth are set on edge by the sour grapes which their forefathers were perforce contented to devour. On one side a mother complains to us of the hard measure meted out to her boy of twelve on whom the penance of reading such a dull book as "Ivanhoe" has been imposed as a holiday task. "So very much beyond the poor boy, and so very uninteresting and old-fashioned for a really clever child!" and then the good lady goes on to inform us that schoolmasters as a class are really so extremely groovy (an opinion, by the way, which we cordially endorse) that they expect other people to be as narrow minded as themselves. We assent to the double proposition that schoolmasters are impossible themselves and expect impossibilities from others. Fortified by our complaisance, and sure of our sympathy, she continues: "Well, what I have done is just this. I have picked out a nice book myself for him to read, a really good modern book, and at the end of the holidays I shall just write and say that I am the best judge of his holiday reading." And she leaves us reflecting on the reasonableness of mothers and the corresponding unreasonableness of schoolmasters, and wondering whether by any chance that "really good modern book" will be "Trilby" or "The Sorrows of Satan."

On another occasion we are staying in a country house, and our hostess, who has noticed that we spend a good deal of our time in the library, informs us one night that we are to take Miss

— down to dinner. "I am sure that you will get on capitally with her; she is so fond of books and so very well-read."

Possibly our hostess gave our fair companion the cue, or was it out of deference to our grey hairs and general fogeyism that she forbore to discourse on balls, matinees, and other social subjects, and did not profess anxiety to know whether we danced, or hunted, or played golf, or were fond of music? No, our fair blue-stockings—for if she did not look the part she made a laudable attempt to play it—inaugurated a conversation by a reference to the literature of the day.

"You are very fond of reading, are you not?"

"I read a little sometimes."

"Well, I read a very great deal. I am devoted to books. I have just finished"—here she mentioned one of our three-volume enemies. "Is it not awfully clever?"

Fortunately we had dived into the book sufficiently to gather that it dealt of matters beyond our ken, and fortunately, too, our very superficial knowledge of the contents was good enough for the occasion. But we were not sorry when she showed an inclination to carry the war into our own territory.

"Now, do tell me what you have been reading lately."

"'Woodstock.'"

"'Woodstock!' I never heard of it. What a pretty name. Who is it by? Do tell me all about it."

"Well, it was written by one Walter Scott."

"Oh, indeed! Is it one of those—what funny name did he call his books by?"

"The Waverley Novels. Have you never read any of them?"

"Well, yes, I think I have read some, or tried to read them. But I am afraid that I skipped rather. They were so dreadfully—what shall I call it?—prosy, and so unlike anything one reads now."

So unlike indeed!

And once again—we knew a boy in the flesh not so many years ago, one



of the most industrious, honest, and healthy little fellows we ever met in a fairly wide experience of that ubiquitous article, the British schoolboy. At the age of thirteen he had many virtues, but at the same time a most profound antipathy for reading or any sedentary occupation whatever excepting that of biting his nails. Whether the antipathy to reading was innate or the result of deficient home-training—whether, in fact, he was the sinner or his parents—it would perhaps be impertinent to inquire. He was very conscientious, good-tempered, and obedient, and what we may call the mechanical side of the intellect was fully developed. But he was wholly devoid of any literary taste whatsoever. He would learn with ease and repeat accurately whole columns of irregular verbs or nouns, could rattle off the names and dates of kings and queens, of battles and treaties, and work through a page of examples in arithmetic without making a single mistake. But he never opened a book out of school-hours except under dire compulsion, and, save only the results of cricket-matches and the names—initials and all—of prominent cricketers, knew absolutely nothing of what went on in the world beyond what came in the ordinary course of school-teaching. He might almost be said to have had the capacity of locking up the door of his intellect, and keeping it locked until the sense of duty required that it should be opened. It was probably a sense of duty also which induced him to adopt a hoarse whisper by way of a voice in school-hours, and to reserve his natural intonation, which the Bonanerges might have envied, for the play-ground or conversation with his school-fellows. Once the experiment was tried—an experiment which answers well in many cases—of setting him down to read a sensible book. Amenable as at all times to discipline, but wearing at the same a ludicrously dejected look, he undertook to do his best. He was taken to the library and asked what sort of story he would like. But he was diffident of expressing an

opinion and invited suggestions, and it was difficult to suggest when the only answers to be arrived at, given of course in the hoarse whisper, were "Pretty well," or "I don't know." So at last we started him off with "Ivanhoe," and he was graciously pleased to volunteer his opinion that it was a funny name. And for a whole month he devoted himself for perhaps two hours a week to "Ivanhoe;" and such was his conscientiousness that we fully believe he never skipped a word, and so great was his sense of the injury which the great intellectual effort was inflicting on his leisure that he never took a single word in.

"Well, old fellow, how is 'Ivanhoe' getting on?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"How far have you got?"

"Oh, I've nearly read"—and he consults the top of the page—"one hundred and twenty pages."

"And whom do you like best?"

A hasty glance at the page to see what name came handiest.

"Oh, Wamba!"

He looks so extremely woe-begone over our cross-questioning that we make a feeble attempt at a joke.

"A little fellow-feeling—eh, my boy?"

Blank gaze.

"You don't know what I mean, I suppose?"

"No."

"Well, you know what Wamba was?"

"Yes," rather dubiously.

"Well, what?"

"One of the chaps in the book."

A week later we made one more attempt to find out whether the story had in any way appealed to him.

"Have you found any old friends in 'Ivanhoe'?"

"No."

"Do you mean to say that you never heard of any of the people before?"

"No."

"Well, you know King Richard?"

"King Richard!"

"Yes, Richard the First."

"Oh, yes, he was king 1189 to 1199."

"Well, you came across him in the Tournament."



"I didn't know it was the same chap."

And he implied by this remark that any form of book-learning indulged in out of school-hours is merely a work of supererogation, and not to be accounted as either profitable or edifying.

This last instance we have cited is an extreme one doubtless, but by no means unique. In all ages of mankind there has been born into the world, even among the so-called educated class, a certain proportion of boys to whom nothing verging on the intellectual is in any way a recreation, who feel with the preacher that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Unfortunately the prominence conferred in these latter days on athleticism has a tendency to accentuate the mischief. Each year seems to add its quatum to the number of boys who regard each hour of playtime not devoted to some active exercise as so much time misspent or wasted. So long as they are out-of-doors this is a spirit to be encouraged. But we draw the line strongly at the youth who in the house can provide himself with no more intellectual occupation than talking cricket shop or studying the pages of an old Lillywhite's guide. When the cakes and ale lose their charm, when stiffened limbs and unpliant muscles forbid violent exercise, when custom, if not fatigue, compels a certain amount of sedentary leisure, what will be the end of these boys and men? Unless they mend their ways and force themselves, or are forced by others, to employ the talent which they are now content to wrap up in a napkin or to bury, they will become time-killers, club-loafers, unintellectual bores; or, as nature abhors a vacuum, less kindly spirits than Callope, Clio, or their sister Muses will possess their minds, "an empty void though tenanted." To such as these old age will indeed be "pleasureless decay."

It is to this day a sort of comforting reflection, as we look back on our own boyhood through a long vista of years, that we were always employed in one way or another—in mischief often, in downright hard work on rare occa-

sions, in active exercise on every possible opportunity, in condoning the effects of past misdemeanors by writing impositions not unfrequently, in quarrelling at times, in rat-hunting or rabbit-ferreting or throwing stones at squirrels whenever kindly fortune sent such vermin in our way. And when at enforced intervals a somewhat over-restless nature was coerced into bodily inactivity, the brain was called into play, and we simply devoured books, those books we have round us now, while the amount of castles that we built in the air, peopled by imaginary heroes, during the progress of a long sermon or lecture was something prodigious. We by no means commend ourselves as an example for imitation except in so far as we were always occupied, for ours was by no means a model boyhood; but we do take some honest pride in the fact that, for good or bad, we lived and moved as well as had our being in every waking minute, and were either pursued by vivid dreams at night, or, if we could, lay awake and thought to the music of other boys' snoring.

It is an old proverb that "Little boys should be seen and not heard," and it is, alas! many years since we heard it frequently applied to ourselves. It was invented, we cannot help thinking, by some spinster aunt who, never having had any little boys of her own, and not having had the luck to be a boy herself, knew nothing whatever of the feelings, character, or habits of the boy tribe. As we never ourselves had a spinster aunt, our remark is without prejudice. The boy, we hold, who does not on occasion make a good row and chatter consumedly, is either an unnatural being or is bottling up his energies for some less legitimate purpose. In either case he is to be labelled as a suspicious character. As we bethink us of that other proverb, "The devil finds work for idle hands to do," we instinctively find ourselves sympathizing with his satanic majesty as being a heavily taxed individual, especially in a populous and prosperous country in which boys are born at the rate of

some thousands a day. But the moral of the two proverbs is that boys are not meant to live a vapid and unintellectual existence, but should occasionally spend some time, even out of school-hours, in sensible reading. What better reading can be found for them than Walter Scott, what more fascinating text-book than "Ivanhoe"? Mrs. De Winton, in her papers in "Mothers in Council," mentions Scott as the author chosen to read aloud to her children, and the "Talisman" was a favorite of Charlotte Yonge's childhood. But on the whole we are inclined to give the preference to "Ivanhoe," partly no doubt for old associations' sake, but chiefly because it seems to combine more, than any even of the Master's works, points of interest to a healthy-minded boy. There is abundance of incident, not too much love-making or sentimentality, and above all a goodly coterie of characters of varied personality who each play a prominent and distinctive part in the development of the story. There is a somebody and a something to appeal to most minds, whether it be the hero himself or the wandering king, surly but faithful Gurth or quaint and loyal Wamba, the sturdy and independent Cedric or the bold outlaw, the greenwood tree or the halls of Rotherwood. Even the villains of the piece have the merit of personal courage, and are quite as ready to exchange hard knocks with a rival as to bleed a Jew. And the descriptions are vivid enough to bring the scenes straight home to the reader. We seem to hear the breaking of lances, the ring of the quarterstaff, the twang of the bow, to follow the Black Knight and Gurth in their nocturnal adventures, to wait for the coming of the champion in the lists of Templetown, or to watch with Rebecca from the lattice-window of Torquilstone the deeds of the Black Knight and of Locksley and his merry men. And little will it weigh on the soul of the boy-reader if the hero really did, as Thackeray suggests, marry the wrong young woman. In fact we have a distinct recollection that in our

school-days we were as orthodox as Friar Tuck, and not only were at one with him when he declined to champion Rebecca on the ground of her religion, but felt also that Athelstane had a legitimate grievance when he was apparently killed owing to the circumstance of his having mistaken a Jewess for a Christian. But if we could not in those days appreciate the beauties of Rebecca's character as we have learnt to do since, we never had occasion to refer to the number of the page if we were asked how far we had read in "Ivanhoe."

I do not rhyme to that dull elf  
Who cannot image to himself,  
That all through Flodden's dismal night  
Wilton was foremost in the fight;  
That, when brave Surrey's steed was  
slain,  
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;  
'Twas Wilton's hand that deepest hewed  
Amid the spearman's stubborn wood.

As for his poems, so for his novels Scott took for granted or presupposed a certain amount of intellectual sympathy in his reader. The Wizard of the North is willing and able to transport the mortal into the realms of fairyland or the regions of romance, but the follower must be a willing disciple rather than a dull clown like Bottom, easily content to sleep by the way if only he has enough provender to satisfy his brute nature cravings when he awakes, and preferring to have his head scratched and his ears tickled by attendant elves rather than to listen to the soft whispers of the Fairy Queen. But what if we have to deal with a mind incapable of following these flights of imagination? what if "nil salit Arcadico juveni"? Are we to give up the encouragement of reading in despair, and allow the boy to remain of the earth earthy? Parents are only too often ready to throw off the burden of responsibility in these matters or shift it on to other shoulders—to pack the boy off to school when the time comes, and say what practically amounts to this "We give you this child to educate, and expect you to

teach him Latin and Greek prose and poetry. You have virgin soil to work upon. For in all the years that he has been under our care, we have taught him neither to read or think or to employ his mind in any way whatever. We understand that they make a great point of Latin verses at Eton, and so we hope that he will begin verses at once."

Might it not be as well if they occasionally did a little towards dressing that virgin soil, where ill weeds may otherwise grow apace? or do they imagine that, like the earth of the golden age period, it will of its own accord, and with no external culture, bring forth seasonable fruits? There are tonics for the mind as well as for the body. The child who is taught to read for himself in small doses at a time, and at eight or nine promoted to such excellent short stories as "The Little Duke" or "The Lances of Lynwood," may reasonably be expected to tackle one of the Waverleys at ten.

But why again, after all, this preference for the Waverleys? For people nowadays are at pains to tell us that Henty's books are more instructive and more interesting to boys, and that our generation only reads Walter Scott's novels *faute de mieux*. Now we have no possible ground for quarrel of any sort with Mr. Henty. In fact we feel that we owe him a debt of deep gratitude for having compiled so many books which that fastidious and dilettante student, the boy of the latter part of the nineteenth century, will occasionally condescend to read. We envy the writer his marvellous power of research and his indefatigable industry, and we fully appreciate that in all the many thousand pages which he has written there is not one line which need be expurgated before the book is given in all confidence into the hands of our boys and girls. We will go still further and say that the boy who follows the fortunes of Mr. Henty's heroes through all the foreign countries and all the historical periods which are introduced, will have imbibed a considerable amount of useful

knowledge and sound information. He would, like Ulysses, know the manners and customs of many races of men, and we hope that he will be gifted with the memory of a Nestor and be able at the end of the course to assign the manners and customs as well as the incidents to the rightful proprietors. There is the danger—for such is the nature of boyhood—that the historical part will be skipped or soon forgotten, and the adventures only of the hero be studied or remembered which, so far as instruction goes, might almost as well have happened to him here in England as in New Zealand, South Africa, or the Punjab. As we compare one of Henty's books with a Waverley novel, we seem to be contrasting the work of a laborious and painstaking artist who rather sacrifices effect to accuracy of detail, and that of the rapid and brilliant painter who dashes off in a minute something of which the general effect is so vividly striking that the spectator abandons himself to that wholly and forgets to criticise the details.

In our childhood we were occasionally set down to read a story with a moral. The story came first and the moral followed; provided that the former was passably amusing, we seldom troubled our head about the latter—indeed we regarded it as an unnecessary appendage, and could have dispensed with it altogether. As it came at the end, there was no special obligation to read it; had it come elsewhere we might have resented the intrusion, but until we saw it actually staring us in the face, we often never suspected its existence. It was, we feel now, owing to the obtrusiveness of a whole chain of "morals" that we entirely failed to get up any enthusiasm over the perusal of "Sandford and Merton," and cordially hated Mr. Barlow as the moral-monger. The moral in Mr. Henty's historical story-book is of course the history. The accuracy of the history has to come first, and when that is once firmly established, the story is obviously invented as an afterthought to drive the moral home, with

the result that there is an air of artificiality about the one main character round whom the subsidiary *dramatis personæ* circle like the lesser stars around the moon. And again the leading character in any one book of the whole series is monotonously similar to the leading character in the preceding or the following volume. The whole generation of boy-heroes introduced into the world of fiction by Mr. Henty instinctively reminds us of a song we have occasionally heard, "The boy who was born to be King." For from the moment that the "dear lads" have read in the introductory epistle that there is an interesting part of the world called India, and that there was once a famous war, to that interesting part of the world and to that famous war they are sure that the boy, who is at school in the first chapter of the book, will have to go. He may not suddenly be called upon to act as commander-in-chief, but he will in all certainty be endowed with that rare gift, an old head on young shoulders; he will fairly win his spurs by the time that he is twenty-one, and long before that age will probably lose his heart to the girl he is destined to marry, who will have been miraculously rescued by him from some extremely unpleasant predicament. Instructive, if seriously read, Henty's stories most distinctly are, but the temptation is to avoid the instruction as we used to avoid the moral, and picking out the places of adventure, to leave on the plate the history part of the pudding.

Scott, on the other hand, in his historical novel painted the map of history with such artistic finish, and laid on the colors with so deft a brush, that we hardly suspect the draught of the outline. The history he gives us is told incidentally, and only to such an extent as the development of the story requires. As we do not at first look too closely into the details of the picture that attracts our view on the line in the Academy, so too the reader of Walter Scott has no occasion to weary himself by vainly searching for missing details in his pictured history, but

must be content to accept it for what it is—a vivid sketch of the period of the age. How true to life the pictures are in our text-book, "Ivanhoe!" John, as we can fancy him on the eve of signing Magna Charta, sulkily acquiescing or feigning to acquiesce in the caprice of his turbulent followers, but consoling himself with the thought that, even if the worst comes to the worst, he will still have his revenge; Richard, the rollicking adventurer, a knight-errant rather than a king, a fine figure of a man, but tainted with a double portion of the old Plantagenet wilfulness and impetuous temper; a country overrun by turbulent spirits, barons and outlaws both, ready to fly at each other's throats on any or every possible occasion, the haughty and lascivious Norman, the avaricious and time-serving churchman, the Saxon thane still clinging to his ideas of re-establishing an extinct royalty, the festering iniquity lurking beneath the semi-priestly garb of the Knight Templar, and with it all a prophecy, conveyed in the fall of Torquilstone, of a day when the baronial power should be a thing of the past, and the Commons of England should strike home for their liberties.

The Locksley or Robin Hood of "Ivanhoe" shrewdly resembles Chaucer's description of an English yeoman (quoted in a note to William Longman's lectures on the History of England):—

And he was clad in coat and hood of green,

A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and keen

Under his belt he bore full thriftily.

Well could he dress his tackle yeomanly;  
His arrows droopèd not with feathers low.

And in his hand he bore a mighty bow.

And as we read in those same lectures that "Robin Hood and his companions represented the national struggle of the Anglo-Saxons against the Normans and of the natives against foreign favorites," we recognize the truth of the novelist's historical sketch. And yet, as we said before, the fact that he is

teaching us history is nowhere paraded by Walter Scott; it is rather that we insensibly imbibe the historical information as we follow the fortunes of his realistic characters.

There is room, however, in our libraries for a Henty as well as a Scott, and the reading of the one need in no degree interfere with the reading of the other. We seem to know of no book of the living writer which goes over quite the same ground as that which the great novelist almost sanctified to his use. We think of Mr. Staple's speech at the memorable cricket dinner in "Pickwick;" "If I were not Dumkins, I would be Luffey; if I were not Podder, I would be Struggles;" and we congratulate the rising generation on the fact that they can be Dumkins and Luffey, Podder and Struggles, readers of Scott and readers of Henty, in one and the same boyhood, and we hope at least that they will read the one or the other. But we doubt whether in days to come, as they sit middle-aged men in their study-chairs, the books of these latter-day writers will have made quite as deep an impression on their memories, or retain quite such a lasting hold on their affections, as Walter Scott's works have done in many other cases besides our own.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
OVID AND THE NATURAL WORLD.

BY THE COUNTESS MARTINENGO CESA-  
RESCO.

Intelligent children, who are always impressed by the vague terror and majesty of Scandinavian mythology, are seldom attracted by the more definite and circumscribed myths of Greece and Rome. They consider them wanting in seriousness, a grave defect to the childish mind. They put them aside as dead and cold. There are accomplished scholars who have given years of patient study to the elucidation of these myths, and who yet end where the children end; though they know the

most minute details about the outward dress of Greek legends, the soul utterly escapes them. Not all the learning of the schools can help so much to reveal the inner meaning of the ancient stories as a few summer days spent in a Greek island, where we sit among the asphodel and walk in glades of olives which ascend by solemn aisles from sea to mountain-top. There we may gain the comprehension which is not thought but feeling. Poets have sometimes gained it without any such help by the light that is within them, the light of imagination. But the plain man who has not that gift cannot do better than to take his classics to the Mediterranean; for instance, to Benizza, in the island of Corfu, the spot which to the present writer more than any spot till now visited in Hellas, or Sicily, or Magna Græcia, realized the youth of the world,

when God

By man as godlike trod.

To be taught all that such a place can teach we must be alone; no human voice must break upon the silence, which is so complete that the chirp of an insect or the note of a bird seems to have the volume of a full orchestra. There we may read, or more wisely recall in our minds without reading, a book Latin in tongue but mainly Greek in inspiration, the "Metamorphoses" of Publius Ovidius Naso. And if the noonday sun gives us the desire to sleep, our dreams will be peopled by a fairy masque of gracious living creatures; Daphne the laurel, Cadmus and Hermione the gentle snakes, Arachne the spider, Narcissus youth and flower, Progne the swallow, Cyane the fountain, Galatea the summer sea. Naiad and dryad, dancing faun and flute-playing satyr, what are they but materialized impressions, the truth of which can never change?

The primitive man did not seek to inquire into or to explain natural phenomena, but to give a local habitation and a name to the emotions which those phenomena called forth in him. The great appearances and operations of



Nature, the sun and moon, the progression of the seasons, the alternation of day and night, he associated with supernatural forces which could command him, but which he could not command, although he might in some measure propitiate them. For these he felt admiration, fear. On the other hand, the innumerable and familiar manifestations of Nature with which he was brought into immediate contact inspired him with another sentiment, which may be summed up in the word fellowship. He was inclined to view life as a continual shaking up of being into new kaleidoscopic pictures, a general interchange of parts that present new forms while retaining their original elements. According to this theory, not only animals, but trees, flowers, rivers, rocks become pregnant with personality. Man did not cut himself adrift from the other species or from inanimate objects. He reaches by intuition the idea of the unity of Nature, to which all modern science tends; only, as has been said, in developing that idea he depended not on reason, but on emotion.

Nothing is more natural than that the primitive mind should have supposed a close kinship between all forms of life; but if we think over it, we shall always see a kind of mystery in its inability to distinguish between life and no life, its unconsciousness of that ultimate gulf which seems so absolutely impassable to our average intelligence, and before which the hardest man of science still stands doubting. This is a point on which backward races throw a great deal of light. A recent observer states, for instance, that to the Indian of South America all objects, animate and inanimate, seem exactly of the same nature, except that they differ in the accident of bodily form." Again, it is quite sure that children are constantly lapsing into ignorance of the existence of any hard and fast line of division. A little girl may *know* that her doll does not feel, but she *believes* that it does feel; her knowledge resting on the assertions of persons whose word she is accustomed

to accept, while her belief rests on an instinct, old as man, to think spirit or spiritual powers into matter. To the brief announcement of a child's death from burning during the great frost of 1895, the newspapers added, "She was warming her doll." Poor little martyr! I myself recollect the anguish exhibited by an Italian peasant child during an operation performed on her doll; to adjust an injured limb the scissors had to be used, and at every snip the child, who was nevertheless trying to control her feelings, turned white as marble and uttered a stifled sob. What she thought I do not know, but she felt instinctively that the doll was suffering pain. An identical instinct is at the bottom of all fetishism, image-worship, and magic, whether black or white, in which matter is employed as a vehicle.

Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and in a less degree his "Fasti," are valuable not only as story-books and poems, but as documents for the history of ideas. Ovid was a collector of traditions on a vast scale. He had an incomparable knowledge of legends, prejudices, customs, rites, and if he embellished more than the Folklore Society would strictly approve, there is reason to think that he never invented. His own state of mind in reference to the stories he retold probably varied from that of the pious Catholic who relates the pretty tale of St. Francis and the Wolf to that of the legend-loving sceptic who eagerly seizes on the fable of St. Martha and the Tarasque. The former abstains from negation; he even wishes to believe, and very likely he succeeds. The latter re-echoes Voltaire's regretful lines:—

On court, hélas! après la vérité;  
Ah! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite.

Ovid wrote at a time when the mania for everything Greek had touched its high-water mark in Rome, and he was influenced by the prevailing taste, but still more, it may be guessed, by his own travels in Greece and Sicily, still an entirely Greek land, though a Roman conquest. He drank in the Greek spirit

at its source, a spirit partly, but never wholly, acclimatized among the people of Italy. When he was miserably languishing in exile he fondly looked back to his journeys over azure waves, and to his sojourn in Sicily, not far from the twin springs, Anapus and Cyane: "Here a large portion of the passing year was spent by me. Alas! how unlike is that region to the Getic land!"

Ovid was almost morbidly affected by climate and natural surroundings. He had that nostalgia of the South from which southern Italians, including those who are only partially educated, suffer severely when obliged to live even in the north of Italy. A cook from the south, who had gone to a place near Udine, wrote to me that he was going to leave his situation; he had nothing to complain of in his master and mistress, but the "paese" was "totally impossible to live in." It is not that their health generally suffers; they can bear the cold well; it is their spirits that give way. Ovid writes from Tomi (which was somewhere on the Black Sea) that he is sorry to have offended the inhabitants by what he has said about their country; they have been always kind and hospitable, but how can they expect him to praise their climate? It makes even health hateful to him; all the year round it is cold; spring brings no flowers, nor does summer see "the naked bodies of the reapers;" the soil yields chiefly wormwood; there are no singing birds, except, perhaps, in the distant forest; what streams there are, are of brackish water.

Of his own birthplace, Sulmo, he preserved the tenderest memories. It was a small place, but healthy, with a wonderful wealth of running streams, which kept it fresh and green in the August heats. These rivulets were also used for artificial irrigation. Sulmo yielded corn, but the grape was its chief produce, the vines being supported by elms and trained in garlands from tree to tree in the manner that still gives all that district and the neighborhood of Naples an air of superb luxuriance in the vintage sea-

son, the only right time for visiting the south of Italy. Ovid recommended an active interest in agriculture as the best "remedy for love." What healthier occupation for mind and body than to watch the ploughing and sowing, the goats on the rocks and the bees on the yews; or better still, to use the spade ourselves in planting the well-watered garden and the pruning knife in grafting fruit-trees? He may have played at grafting in his orchards near Rome, but in spite of his good advice, he leaves us suspecting that he was less of a practical agriculturist than a dreamer of dreams among the woods and brooks. We fancy him roving as a pensive boy to whom trees and flowers and all kinds of creatures told their secrets.

He was always putting himself into the place of plants and animals, and thinking how one would think in their position. This was evidently a habit of mind with him, not a mere storyteller's device. He was probably quite young when he wrote the long poem expressive of the feelings of a walnut-tree, which has sometimes been supposed to be a veiled satire, but without any good reason. The unfortunate walnut-tree, growing as it does by the side of the road, sees its young fruit pelted with a hailstorm of stones by horrid boys, who use the nuts to play games, several of which Ovid describes. The tree is hurt by cruel wounds that mutilate its branches, and by injuries to its bark which leave the wood bare. Instead of having its fruit gathered in due season and stored by the thrifty wife of the husbandman, it beholds its produce scattered unripe and worthless on the ground. What business have people to inflict such treatment on a respectable tree which yields both fruit and shade?

In the "Treatise on Fishes," said to have been written towards the end of his life at Tomi, Ovid points out that all animals have a vague dread of an unknown death, against which they defend themselves, if they are strong, by their superior strength; if they are weak, by expedients and stratagems

such as that of the octopus of assuming the color of the place where it lies. No one seems to have given Ovid the credit of observing this habit of "protective coloration," on which Darwin and all recent naturalists place so much stress. With the same sympathetic penetration, he declares, and who will deny it?—that the horse that wins the race is perfectly aware of his victory; does he not hold his head much higher than the others when he is led forth to receive the applause of the crowd?<sup>1</sup>

Ovid's love of animals is characteristically shown in his elegy on Corinna's parrot. Perhaps he wrote the elegy because Catullus had written a lament on Lesbia's sparrow; but we are almost persuaded that Ovid shed a real tear over the parrot, while one suspects that Catullus left the weeping to Lesbia. How affectionately he recalls its friendships with the turtle-dove; such a friendship exists at the present time between a parrot and a white pigeon dwelling at Sorrento. And how kindly the poet would believe, "if there is any believing in matters of doubt," that there is a blest abode for innocent feathered souls in the world beyond, where the parrot will make the birds wonder and admire by speaking human words. Here on earth what love can do for him has been done; "a grave as little as his body covers his bones."

The belief in an interchange of parts between man and beast, whether by the regular process of the transmigration of souls, or by the violent one of the working of arbitrary spell, must modify the thoughts, if not the conduct, of men in respect to animals. We know, as a matter of fact, that it does largely modify both thoughts and conduct. It does not make men always humane; but no one who held it would say that he may beat his donkey, "perchè non e cristiano," "because it is not a human being," for that is the meaning of *cristiano* in the peasant

<sup>1</sup> A horse which ran in the riderless races once popular in Tuscany, always kicked its competitors when nearing the goal; by this means it won many races.

speech of Italy. "Spare the snake, sir, it too has but one little life," said the Indian servant to his English master, who was attacking a cobra. Ovid, naturally pitiful, was quick to seize this point of view (though he could have drawn a line at cobras). He saw that arguments could be deduced from the doctrine of metamorphosis against animal sacrifices, for which he felt a strong repugnance. Some poets of the Greek anthology touched lightly on the same subject; but Ovid returns to it persistently. We cannot help asking whether the Roman priesthood could have heard a fundamental institution of orthodoxy so openly attacked without becoming hostile to the raiser of such inconvenient questions.

If some blood must be spilt, Ovid would have the "idle swine" pay the cost. The sow rooted up the young corn with her snout and thus offended Ceres; the goat, also, had misbehaved by nibbling the vine tendrils. "But what didst thou, O ox, and what did ye, O gentle sheep, to deserve a like fate?" In another place Ovid partly throws the sheep overboard; a sheep, he says, was guilty of eating up the consecrated plants (rosemary, myrtle, tamarisk), which a good old woman had been accustomed to sacrifice to the rural deities. But he is faithful to the ox, the animal which should be held sacred by man, since it ploughs his fields. "Take the knife far from the ox; a neck fitted for the yoke ought not to be smitten by the axe. Let him live, and many a time may he labor on the hard soil."

In the last book of the "Metamorphoses" Pythagoras is made to ask, "How can you kill for food the lowing calf, or the kid that cries like a child, or the bird that has fed out of your hand?" This plea is one of simple humanity, but the philosopher reinforces it by urging that in the body of any slain beast may have dwelt the soul of your father, your brother, or, at least, of man. Ovid is delighted to be able to bring a character on the scene who can argue thus. We are not told, however, that Sulmo's poet was a vegetarian.

Was he then insincere? Not more so than we all are to-day or to-morrow. In our dual lives our real self lives, perhaps rather in what we feel and do not, than in what we do and feel not.

The prettiest episode in the pretty story of Philemon and Baucis was certainly an embellishment due to Ovid's tender heart. The story itself, though its origin has never been traced, was no doubt traditional; it is a variant of the class that deals with receiving divine visitors unawares, a class as old as Homer and as modern as the beautiful mediæval legends in which the visitor is Christ. In the light of a description of humble life, Philemon and Baucis is not to be surpassed; it will bear to be told once again.

Jupiter and Mercury in the shape of men craved admittance at a thousand doors, but every one was bolted against them. Then they came to a very small cottage, thatched with straw and reeds. A pious old woman and her old husband had lived here since first in youth they were united, and made their poverty light by sharing it. It was the same thing if you asked for masters or servants; the whole household was but two. When the heavenly guests knocked at this door they were made kindly welcome. Baucis, the old wife, kindled the embers, and set a pipkin on the fire full of herbs from their carefully watered garden; her husband meanwhile cut off a little piece from the rusty side of bacon which hung from the beam. Warm water was offered to the guests to refresh their limbs and a couch was spread with those coarse cloths which were yet kept "for best," and generally stowed away. Baucis busied about the house as fast as her trembling old body would go; she steadied the broken leg of the table by putting a potsherd under it, and then began to place the repast before the guests. For *gustatio* or *hors d'œuvres*, fragrant wild berries, radishes, curdled milk, and eggs cooked in the embers (the "uova sudate" of the Lombard peasant); for "pièce de résistance," bacon and boiled herbs; for dessert, dried figs, nuts, dates, plums, apples,

grapes, and white honeycomb. Each course was served with welcoming looks which told of no lurking niggard feeling or indifference.

The wine, too, had been poured out, and the old couple remarked that the goblet into which they poured it refilled of itself as soon as it was emptied. When this had happened once or twice they began to feel (especially Philemon) frightened out of their wits. The modesty of the unprepared entertainment they had given to visitors who could cause such a singular occurrence, dismayed them to the last degree, and by a simultaneous impulse they ran in search of the single goose that guarded their cottage. But their legs were slow with age and its wings were swift, and, after a keen pursuit, the bird flew straight towards the Immortals, who commanded that it should be spared. So Ovid made a present to Jove of the kindest trait ever recorded of him.

The gods led their humble friends up a safe hill, and then submerged the inhospitable village, sparing only their cottage, which was transformed into a beautiful temple. When the old couple were asked what boon they desired, they replied that they only wished to serve their divine guests as priests in the temple while they lived, and, when their hour came, to die together. So it was; for, after a long life, as one turned into an oak the other became a lime-tree, and they had no pain of parting, neither did one look upon the other's tomb. How much truer and more touching is this conclusion than that which an inferior story-teller would have resorted to, and which actually figures in some modern versions of the story, namely, the transformation of Philemon and Baucis into young people!

Anecdotes of humble but generous hospitality were once so popular because such incidents were within the experience of every traveller. Even now it is not needful to go far from the beaten track in order to match the old stories with new ones. If you have been talking to a Montenegrin peasant by the wayside, he will probably ask

you, with his grand air, to step into his house to take coffee; and in Greece, there is hardly a cottage where the stranger would not be made welcome. Indeed, the ill-luck of the gods in meeting with closed doors is rather surprising. The same thing once happened to me, though through nobody's fault. A friend and I were benighted on the Col di Barranca; between one and two o'clock in the morning our light failed, and we knocked at every building we could discern in the almost complete darkness with the hope of getting it renewed. I cannot forget the dreary effect of receiving no response. It was in the late autumn, and these buildings occupied by herdsmen in summer, were one and all deserted.

Resembling the story of Philemon and Baucis in some respects, but varied with delicate art, is Ovid's telling of the peasant hospitality given to Ceres during her search for Proserpine. Ovid treated the legend of Proserpine twice at considerable length; in the "Fasti," and afterwards, with greater skill, in the "Metamorphoses." The most romantic of all classic myths, it attracted him by its appeal to human sympathies, its swift movement, and its picturesqueness. What scene ever made so charming a picture as that of Proserpine and her girl companions in the meads of Enna? The Greek genius which invented so many things invented the type of joyous, healthy, active girlhood, fearless and fancy free, which nearly went out of the world till it came back with Shakespeare. Ovid could see the beauty of that type, and his maidens hurry and scurry in their innocent sport, full of true life and careless rapture; this one plucking marigolds, that one wild hyacinths, others amaranth and thyme and rosemary and many a nameless flower, while she, the fairest, gathers the fragile crocus and white lilies. Girls and flowers, which are most a part of nature?

Ceres, after she misses Proserpine, goes through the whole island asking if any one has seen a girl passing. When it gets dark, she crosses over to

Greece, and lands at Eleusis, the name of which, meaning "an arrival," still recalls her coming. There lie the ruins of the temple where her mysteries were celebrated; to the eye some of the least striking remains in Greece, but powerfully suggestive to the mind. The inverted torches on the broken columns tell us of those with which the goddess lighted herself through that night journey. Eleusis, then, according to Ovid, was nothing but the farm of the old man Celeus, who, in the Greek version, was a king; but Ovid understood that poetic effect would gain by giving him a humble station.

Ceres meets this old peasant, who is carrying home acorns and blackberries, and dry logs to feed his fire. His little daughter drives two goats down the mountain side. At home his baby lies sick in the cradle. The little girl asks the goddess, who has assumed the form of an old woman, "What are you doing here, mother, all alone in the hills?" How the word "mother" pierces her heart! The old man begs her to rest under his poor roof; at first she refuses; then she yields to his prayer. "How much happier are you than I, who have lost my daughter!" she says. But she discovers that her good old host has also his troubles; the house is in mourning; his little son now lies past hope of recovery. Then the divine visitor kisses the child on its mouth, and the color comes back to the white cheeks, and strength to the wasted body. All the household rejoices, father, mother, and little sister, for they are all the household.

The tale of the commonest grief and gladness was never more feelingly told.

A good deal may be gleaned from Ovid's works about rural ceremonies and beliefs which were peculiar to Italy. On the Calends of May fell the festival of Pales, goddess of the shepherds, who was unknown in Greece. One of the customs connected with it was the time-honored and long-surviving rite of jumping over or through the fire. The sheep-folds were garlanded; a fire made of rosemary, pitch-



tree, laurel, and Sabine herbs brightly crackled in the hearth. Millet cakes and warm milk are offered to Pales, who is begged to protect the cattle and those that tend them; to pardon trespasses and shortcomings; to mediate with the higher powers; to drive away disease from men and flocks, and from the dogs also, and to give plenty through the year.

Another peculiarly Latin folk-worship was that of the Lares. The Greeks who, at least in towns, did little more than sleep at home, could not have entered into the intense Roman sentiment of the hearth. In Ovid's time the Lares became established and endowed; he says that there were a thousand at the street corners in Rome, where Augustus had set them up in company with his own genius, appointing a body of priests to look after their worship. His encouragement of this domestic and hitherto purely popular superstition is characteristic of his policy in religious matters. The Lares held their own at the Crossways till they were rather succeeded than ousted by Christian saints. Ovid mentions that the original Lares were represented with a dog, the typical house-guardian, at their feet; and he makes the observation that "Crossways are dear to dogs as well as to deities."

Again, the "Fête des Morts" was an essentially Roman observance. Ovid will not condemn costly offerings to the dead, but it is plain that he prefers the little simple, rustic gifts of faithful love:—

C'est l'offrande des moindres choses  
Qui recèle le plus d'amour.

A wreath laid upon the tomb, scattered fruits, a few grains of salt, corn soaked in wine, and the earliest violets; with these the dead are content. It is said, remarks Ovid, that departed forefathers have been known to revenge themselves in a disagreeable way for neglect on the part of their ungrateful descendants, but upon that he expresses his own incredulity.

It is his way to pick and choose between what to accept and what to

reject of the traditional lore of which he had so vast a knowledge. He dislikes the idea of human sacrifice, and he therefore will not accept it as accounting for the curious Roman custom of throwing thirty images of old men stuffed with rushes into the Tiber. The act was performed by the Vestal Virgin from the Sublician bridge. Ovid would refer it to the wish of some wholly imaginary Greeks to have their bodies committed to the Tiber, so that its stream might bear them homewards. Thus, in the Middle Ages the dwellers on the Rhone placed their unattended dead in the river, which bore them to the sacred Alyscaup. In spite, however, of this confirmation of the possible correctness of Ovid's theory, there is very little doubt that the Roman old men had a sacrificial significance. They probably belonged to the family of puppets still, here and there, devoted to fiery or watery elements (as the North Italian *Vecchia* of Mid-Lent), all of which are remotely reminiscent of immensely ancient rites of propitiation to the genius either of growth or of fruition.

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From Temple Bar.

HENRIETTE RENAN.

The world has often been reminded of the debt that it owes to the mothers of great men. But the relationship between mother and son, all-important as it is, cannot, under ordinary circumstances, become an equal intellectual companionship, such as that which has often existed between a sister and a brother, both vowed to the intellectual life—between the two Herschels, for instance, or Dorothy and William Wordsworth. The relation between Henriette Renan and her celebrated brother seems to partake of both those characters. She was twelve years old when he was born, and her affection for him had always a great deal of the maternal protecting element about it. At the same time she was his most intimate and tender *confidante*, the sharer of his



intellectual life, the colleague, modest but efficient, of his literary enterprises. Through her life a delicate and proud reserve kept her unknown and, save by a few, unvalued. Even after her death her brother feared to offend her memory by giving to the story of her noble life a publicity from which she shrank. It is only to-day, thirty-five years after her death, that the world learns what she was—"une âme forte et belle," worthy in intellect of Renan's fellowship and more than worthy in soul.

She was born at Tréguier, in Brittany, "an old episcopal city, rich in poetic impressions." The ancient bishopric was suppressed at the Revolution, but since that date the religious houses have been reopened and an active ecclesiastical life has developed about the cathedral. The stir of commerce is utterly absent from the place; the quiet streets are shut in on either hand by convent walls, or the well-fenced gardens of the canons' houses. Above the high-pitched Gothic roofs the slender spire of the cathedral shoots high into the upper air. The building is left open till late every evening, lighted by a single lamp. One can picture little Ernest, clinging to his sister's gown, as she went like the other pious girls of the city to say her evening prayers in the vast dimly-lighted nave, "full," to the childish mind, "of the terror of infinitude." The whole atmosphere of the old Breton city is one of legend and mystery. Everywhere one finds the Celtic glamour, "the light that never was on land or sea." Every village has its local saint, its miraculous well, its haunted ruin. Near Tréguier, on the high ground, stands the ruined church of St. Michael. Every year, on Holy Thursday, so the legend goes, the church bells of the city go to Rome to be blessed by the pope, and, standing on the ruined tower of St. Michael, you may, if your faith be firm, be blessed with a sight of them as they pass through the air, trailing behind them the veils of lace with which they were decked on the day of their baptism.

In such an atmosphere of childlike

and unreasoning credulity, the great champion of destructive criticism spent his early years, years to which, during the time of his highest reputation and success, he never ceased to look back with a tender and wistful regret. His father had held a naval command under the republic, and afterwards took up the career of a merchant captain on his own account. He was an upright, gentle soul, simple and unpractical as the typical sailor ashore, and prone to the dreamy melancholy that belongs to the Celtic race. Madame Renan had the elasticity of temper that he lacked; her wit, courage, and good humor carried her through a sea of troubles. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, Henriette Renan inherited her father's disposition. She was a thoughtful, timid, strictly dutiful, and conscientious child. Her early education was conducted by the nuns of Tréguier, and the great hope of her childish heart was that she might "enter religion" when she should be old enough. All the circumstances of her life combined to give her that precocity of painful experience which, acting on a nature so solitary, serious, and lofty, seemed to make of her a creature apart, vowed to high and painful duties, "never knowing other joys than those which spring from virtue and the affections of the heart."

She had a better education than usually falls to the lot of a *bourgeoise* girl in a small country town. A lady belonging to a noble family of Tréguier, which had been completely ruined by the Revolution, after some years spent in England, was taking pupils in her native town. For the training and example of this gentlewoman, accorded her at the most plastic period of her life, Mademoiselle Renan never ceased to be grateful.

The fortunes of the family meanwhile had taken an ill turn. M. Renan the elder had allowed himself to be drawn into commercial speculations which his son thus describes:—

Utterly unskilled in business matters, simple and incapable of calculation, for-

ever hampered by that timidity which makes the sailor a mere child when dealing with the practical side of life, he saw the little fortune that had come to him by inheritance melting away in a gulf which he could not fathom. The events of 1815 brought on commercial crises which proved fatal to him. His sensitive and feeble nature could not make head against these trials; little by little he lost his hold on life. Hour by hour my sister witnessed the destructive effect of anxiety and misfortune on this gentle and amiable spirit, lost and bewildered in an uncongenial sphere. In these harsh experiences she gained a precocious maturity. At twelve years of age she was serious, careworn, oppressed with grave thoughts and sombre presentiments.

On the return from one of his long voyages in our cold, gloomy seas, my father had one last gleam of joy. I was born in February, 1823. The arrival of this little brother was a great consolation for my sister. She attached herself to me with all that need of loving, so imperious in a timid and tender heart. I still remember the little tyrannies that I exercised over her, against which she never rebelled. When she went out dressed for a social gathering to meet other young ladies of her age, I used to cling to her dress and beg her to come back; then she would come in again, take off her best clothes, and stay with me. One day, in fun, she threatened to die if I were not good, and, in point of fact, pretended to be dead in an armchair. The horror caused by this feigned immobility is, perhaps, the strongest impression I ever experienced, Fate having willed that I should not be present during her last moments. In a paroxysm of fright I sprang on her and bit her terribly in the arm. She uttered a cry which I hear still. To all the reproofs which I received I could only answer one thing: "Why were you dead? Will you die again?"

In July, 1828, M. Renan's ship came home to Tréguier from St. Malo without him. The crew declared that they had not seen him for some days. For a whole month his wife sought for him in vain. At last she learnt that a corpse had been found on the seashore near St. Brieux, which was identified

as that of her husband. There was no evidence to show how he came by his death. It may have been caused by accident; it may be that he had cut short by his own deed a life of which he had long been weary. The sea, that stern foster-mother of his race, keeps his secret still.

In this tragic manner Henriette's life at Tréguier came to an end. Alain, her elder brother who was then nineteen, set off to Paris to seek his fortune. Madame Renan went to live at Lannion, where she had friends, taking with her her daughter and little Ernest. Henriette was now seventeen; she still retained her childish faith in all its simplicity, and the great aim of her life was to enter the Convent of St. Anne at Lannion. In winter, when she went to church, she used to take Ernest with her, sheltered under her cloak. One day she noticed him sideling along in an awkward fashion and discovered that he was trying to hide a hole in his threadbare suit. The poor girl burst into tears; she could bear poverty and privation for herself, but not for her darling. It soon became clear to her that she must give up the idea of being a nun. She had resolved to pay her father's debts and to undertake the charge of Ernest's future, and to this task she addressed herself with heroic determination.

She was met at the outset by a strong temptation to relinquish her resolve. Without being beautiful, she possessed at this time, her brother tells us—and we can easily believe it—an unusual charm of appearance and manner. She was slight and delicately featured, with a singularly sweet and candid expression in her large dark eyes; an indescribable air of dignity and refinement

Lived through her to the tips of her long hands  
And to her feet.

In spite of her unfavorable social position—for the petty gentility of Lannion looked down from the unsailable height of antiquated prejudice upon the educated woman condemned to earn her bread—a man of means and

standing in the place had the good taste to appreciate her qualities and the courage to demand her hand. He was a man of character and intelligence, and if Henriette had had only her own self to consider there is little doubt what her answer would have been. But he intimated—and perhaps we can scarcely blame him—that he did not intend to marry Mlle. Renan's relations as well as herself, or to take on his own shoulders the charge of an impoverished family. Henriette, on her part, declined without hesitation an offer which would have given her a life of luxury at the cost of abandoning her own people. She tied for some time to conduct a private school at Lannion, but she knew none of the arts of self-advertisement so necessary to success in this world. The very delicacy and distinction of her nature were against her in that vulgar little provincial milieu. Such pupils as she had did not pay her, and she realized by degrees that while she remained at home success in the task she had imposed on herself was impossible.

She resolved then [says Renan in his memoir of her] to drink the chalice to the dregs. A friend of our family, who went to Paris about that time, mentioned to her a situation as assistant teacher in a small ladies' school, and Henriette accepted it. She set out at twenty-four years of age, without protection or advice, for a world of which she knew nothing, and to which she was destined to serve a cruel apprenticeship. She suffered horribly during the first part of her stay in Paris. This world of shams, this desert where she had not a single friend, drove her nearly desperate. The profound attachment which we Bretons have to the soil, to old habits and to family life, awoke with agonizing keenness. Lost in an ocean where her modesty kept her unappreciated, hindered by her extreme reserve from forming those friendships which console and strengthen where they do not serve, she became a prey to a home-sickness which affected her health. The worst of all for the Breton in this first moment of transplantation is that he believes himself abandoned by God as by men. Heaven is

veiled for him. His happy faith in the general morality of the universe, his tranquil optimism, is shaken. He believes himself to be cast out of Paradise into an Inferno of frozen indifference, the voice of the good and beautiful seems to have become toneless; he cries, "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Imagine a young girl, never having left her quiet little town, her mother, her friends, suddenly thrown into the frivolous life of a boarding-school, where all her serious ideas are wounded at every turn, and where she finds at the head of affairs nothing but light-mindedness, carelessness, and sordid calculation. This first experience made her a severe judge of girls' schools in Paris. Twenty times she was on the point of returning home; it tasked even her invincible courage to remain.

After some time her position ceased to be so painful. She found a more congenial sphere of employment and became known to a few friends who were able to appreciate her as she deserved. She spoke of one of these, a M. Descuret, about Ernest, who had passed with distinction through the seminary course at Tréguier. M. Descuret mentioned young Renan to the celebrated Monsignor Dupanloup, who was then the principal of the seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet in Paris. M. Dupanloup, not unwilling to secure so promising a pupil, offered a bursary to young Renan, who began his training for the priesthood in 1838, at the age of fifteen and a half.

Every week Henriette came to see him. He was still her special charge—still, as long as she lived, to be cared for and thought for like a child, though becoming more and more her intellectual companion and friend. Apart from that little oasis of family affection, her life was severe and studious. She worked sixteen hours a day at teaching or private study. History had a special interest for her, and in this branch she had the knowledge of a specialist. With all this unusual culture, she was free from any shadow of conceit or pretence. "The culture of

the intellect had in her eyes an intrinsic and absolute value; she never dreamt of drawing from it the satisfaction of personal vanity."

It is not strange that in her solitary life, adrift on a sea of books without a pilot, she should have come to question the faith of her early years. Too soon, and too sadly the "Heaven" of her childhood "veiled its face" for her. With her faith in the legends of her Breton birthplace went the whole structure of dogmatic belief. There is not often any half-way house for a Roman Catholic between complete acceptance of the Church's teaching, and complete rejection of what is called the supernatural. Yet in clinging to the idea of God and a future life, she strove to feel that she had retained all that is essential in Christianity. Her brother testified that it was her influence which kept him from definitely accepting the hypothesis of "an Inconscient God and an ideal immortality." The true heart corrected, to some extent at least, the superficial logic of the head. During her brother's stay at the seminary, she carefully abstained from any attempt to influence his religious views or to withdraw him from the path which led to the priesthood. Yet there is no doubt that it was a relief to her when he decided to wait a year at least before pronouncing the irrevocable vows.

That was in 1845. Five years before, Mlle. Renan had gone to Poland as governess in the family of Count Zamoyiski. The hope of being able to fulfil the obligations she had undertaken towards her father's creditors could alone have induced her to give up her friends and studies in Paris, and her weekly visits to her beloved brother; to accept in a distant country, a position which at its best can never be agreeable to a sensitive spirit. Can Grande of Verona was a magnificent patron, yet it was at his court that Dante tasted—

Come sa di sale  
Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle  
Lo scendere e il salir per l'altrui scale.

And Henriette confesses in one of her letters that "this life under the roof,

in the family, at the table of others, is horribly painful and difficult." Still the experience had its bright side. She loved her pupils and was loved by them. She became the trusted friend of the family in which she resided, and after her return to France her opinion was consulted and her advice sought. She had the opportunity, so precious to a person of her intelligence and culture, of visiting the great art centres, Dresden, Florence, Venice, and above all, Rome, which she loved to call with Lord Byron, "dear city of the soul." Then she had the perpetual friendship of her books, and the hope of returning at last, when her work was done, to spend the afternoon of life with the loved ones for whom she had sacrificed so much.

A very interesting correspondence between Henriette and Ernest Renan during this period has lately been given to the public. The young man had just completed in 1844 his theological course at Saint-Sulpice. His education, his own personal preferences, the wishes and hopes of his friends and more particularly of his mother, all urged him in the direction of the priesthood. On the other hand, he is checked and hampered by considerations, which are best expressed by himself.

I see the time approaching when I shall have to take the irrevocable step of entering the ecclesiastical state. Hitherto a reasonable probability founded on wise counsels has sufficed, but now it is necessary to have an absolute certainty; the result, not of circumstances or outside influences but of an intimate conviction—God preserve me from saying that Christianity is false—falsehood does not produce such fair fruit. But it is one thing to say that it is not false and another thing to say that it is the absolute truth—at least as expounded by those who profess to be its interpreters. It has made me what I am, its morality shall be always my rule, Jesus shall be always my God. But when one comes down from this pure Christianity, which is really reason itself, to these trivial, narrow ideas which fall before criticism. . . . and yet they tell you that you must admit all this—that you are not a Catholic

without it. O my God! my God! what must I be then? This is my state, my poor Henriette. You now understand my position. Yes, I repeat to you, this is the one cause that keeps me from entering the church. Humanly everything would be favorable; the life required would not be very different from that which I should lead in any case, I should be sure, in entering it, of a future perfectly conformed to my tastes—everything seems to combine to smooth my way . . . but all else must give way to duty. It is only the thought of mamma that rends my heart, but it cannot be helped.

At this time Renan was, as he describes himself, "old in thought" but as ignorant of the actual world as a baby. His sister had first to relieve him of the material consequences of the step he had taken by supplying out of her own resources the funds necessary to start him in Paris on an independent footing. She never seems to have been conscious of any generosity in this, or to have entertained for an instant the idea that her interest could possibly be divided from his. With her help he was able to continue his studies and to establish himself in a suitable position.

You must not [she writes, with rare delicacy and grace], for the sake of present saving, compromise our whole future. Yes, *our* future, dear Ernest, for I do not believe that any event henceforth can separate either our interests or our hearts. . . . Do not then have any hesitation on the score of expense. . . . I will manage so that whatever happens, you shall not be in difficulties.

Then after entering with some detail into the momentous question of a new suit, she adds:—

In short, dear, I think I have provided for everything; if any detail has escaped me put it down to the pre-occupation of my mind, and dispose entirely of the little that I have, for that little belongs to you as much as to myself. Yes [she continues], we shall yet have some happy days together, while our friendship, our union is always the same. . . . I feel, I understand, I share, all that you are suffering. Yes, it is very hard to have to

break with all that has filled your dreams and made your joy in the past, it leaves a terrible void in the heart. But, Ernest, think of the fate of an honest man, obliged by an irrevocable bond to teach what his reason and even his conscience do not permit him to accept. That fate might have been yours; can I thank heaven too much for having saved you from it? Be brave, dear, your path is full of thorns, but at every step, as at the beginning, you will find the love and support of your sister, of your first friend, of her who has no keener wish, after that of seeing you happy, than that of keeping a place in your heart. Let me still find in you what I have ever found, and I shall forget the tears I have shed; I shall find many hopes, much happiness, to come in the future.

In 1850, Henriette Renan had accomplished the task that she had set herself twenty-two years before. Her father's creditors were satisfied and his reputation freed from stain. Mme. Renan was provided for and Ernest launched on his career. She was at last free to return.

But [says her brother] those ten years of exile had quite transformed her. The wrinkles of old age were prematurely graven on her forehead; of the charm she still possessed when she said goodbye to me in the parlor of the seminary of St. Nicholas, there only remained the sweet expression of her ineffable goodness.

It was said of her after her death, by one who knew how little of human delight had ever entered into her lot, "Dieu n'avait voulu pour elle, que les grands et âpres sentiers." But the few years which followed her return must have been like "the delicate pain called Ease" to the tired feet of Bunyan's pilgrims. She took a little *appartement* with her brother, near the Val de Grace. The windows looked out upon the garden of the Carmelite convent in the Rue d'Enfer, and it was a constant source of interest to her to watch the life of these recluses—scarcely more cloistered than her own. She had the true Frenchwoman's skill in management, so that she could contrive on



a sum ridiculously inadequate in English eyes, to keep her tiny household in comfort and even with a sort of modest elegance. She had that delight in simple pleasures which is a mark of mental sanity. "A fine day, a ray of sunshine, a flower, was sufficient to enchant her." Her fine and sure literary taste made her an invaluable assistant to her brother in his work. She read in proof everything he wrote, and became to him, in fact, a sort of artistic conscience. One is glad to find that she took up her testimony against the irony—or rather flippancy—which intrudes so unseasonably into M. Renan's treatment of the most serious subjects.

She had not [he says] what is called *esprit*, if we are to understand by that word something satirical and mocking in the French manner. She never turned any one into ridicule—it would have seemed to her a cruelty. I remember, that as we were going in boats to a *pardon* in Lower Brittany, our vessel was preceded by another, on board of which were some poor ladies, who, wishing to deck themselves for the fête, had hit on rather unfortunate and tasteless arrangements, which excited the mirth of the people who were with us. The poor ladies perceived this, and I saw my sister burst into tears. It seemed barbarous to her to make game of good people who were trying to forget their misfortunes in an hour's gaiety, and who, perhaps, had inconvenienced themselves by deference for the public. In her eyes absurd persons were to be pitied; as such she loved them and stood up for them against those who ridiculed them.

Hence her indifference to society, and her want of success in ordinary conversation, nearly always made up of malice and frivolity. She had grown old before her time, and she had the habit of exaggerating her age by her dress and manners. Commonplace people did not understand her and thought her stiff and awkward. Everything was true and deep with her; she could not profane herself. Poor people and peasants, on the contrary, found her exquisitely kind; and those who were capable of meeting her on her own level soon learned to appreciate the distinction and the depth of her nature.

The years during which she lived

alone with her brother must have satisfied her ideal. Her life possessed what she in common with M. Charles Booth considers as the two essentials of human happiness, work and affection. The motto of Thomas à Kempis, "In angello, cum libello," was often on her lips. Her love for her brother absorbed her heart, as her co-operation in his toils absorbed her intellect. Like all strong passions, this love was not exempt from jealousy. One need not wonder that it cost her a bitter struggle to realize the fact that she could not all her life be all in all to him.

She had felt it her duty, in fulfilment of the quasi-maternal relation she held towards her brother, to take some steps towards his matrimonial establishment; but she could not refrain from rejoicing when the negotiations fell through. Renan, however, naïvely enough, imagined that the failure of her plans had caused her a real disappointment, and that he should be giving her a pleasure by proposing to her Mlle. Cornelle Scheffer as a sister-in-law. Poor Henriette was not, after all, quite perfect in unselfishness. She could not bear the idea of sharing Ernest's affection with another. Her distress was so great that M. Renan felt bound to tell his fiancée that he must sacrifice his engagement rather than wound one to whom he owed so much. He came home and told his sister what he had done. But already the old habit of self-devotion had reasserted itself. Early in the morning she visited Mlle. Scheffer. What they said to each other may easily be imagined, when we know that the result of the interview was to remove all difficulties, and to knit between Henriette and her future sister a bond of friendship that remained unbroken to the last.

Mlle. Renan did more than consent to the union; it was her generosity that made it possible. Her pecuniary resources were on this occasion, as always, put at the disposal of her brother; and without her help he could not have met the responsibilities entailed by his marriage. She continued to live with the young couple, and the



birth of Renan's little son Ary effaced the last lingering trace of bitterness from her heart. The baby was an un-falling delight and consolation to her; on him the deep reserved heart spent all the wealth of its tenderness. One likes to think of that gleam of innocent sunshine at the close of a strenuous life.

In May she accompanied M. Renan on that celebrated expedition to Palestine, the fruits of which were given to the world in the "Vie de Jesus." After spending some months in Galilee and the Lebanon, they found themselves at Beyrout in September. Their work was nearly finished, and they were eagerly looking forward to their return home, when Mlle. Renan was seized with fever. The village of Amschitm near Byblos, a favorite sojourn of hers, seemed preferable to Beyrout as a resting-place for the short remaining time; but scarcely had they removed there when her brother in his turn was smitten. There was no one in the village competent to treat the disease, and when the doctor from Beyrout arrived it was too late to save Henriette. She died, as she had lived for so long, alone. During her long agony her brother was lying in a state of complete unconsciousness, from which he was roused by the administration of the most powerful remedy known to science, only an hour after she had passed away.

She died [says M. Renan], as she had lived, without recompense. The hour when men reap what they have sown, when they look back from their repose on the toils and sorrows of the way, never struck for her on earth. May her memory remain with us as a precious argument for those eternal truths which every virtuous life contributes to demonstrate. For myself, I have never doubted of the reality of the moral order, but I see clearly now that the whole logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown, if such lives were but a mockery and an illusion.

Could we ask stronger testimony than these words of the great "destructive" supply, of that imperious need of a belief in God and immortality, which, by

a logic stronger than all the syllogisms of the schools, implies its own satisfaction? No, if—

We are not wholly breath,  
Magnetic mockeries,

—if the life of man is anything but a ghastly farce, there must be some field, to us unknown, for the energies of the unsatisfied spirit, some haven for the "love that never found its earthly close." Otherwise, the noblest, truest, wisest of the race would be of all men most miserable, and the bitter cry of the poet would be the last word in the destiny of man:—

He weaves and is clothed with derision,  
Sows and he shall not reap:  
His life is a watch or a vision,  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
A PARIAH.

"I have heard that there is corn in Egypt."

Slyne's Chare is in South Shields, and Mason's Chop House stands at the lower corner of Slyne's Chare—Mason's Chop House, where generations of honest Tyneside sailors have consumed pounds of honest mutton and beef, and onions therewith. For your true salt loves an onion ashore, which makes him a pleasanter companion at sea. Mason's Chop House is a low-roofed, red-tiled, tarred cottage with a balcony—a "balcohnny" overhanging the river. It is quite evident that the "balcohnny" was originally built, and has subsequently been kept in repair, by ships' carpenters. It is so glaringly ship-shape, so redolent of tar, so ridiculously strong.

The keen, fresh breeze—and there is nothing keener, fresher, stronger, and wholesomer in the world than that which comes roaring up between the two piers of the Tyne—this breeze blows right through Mason's, and blows the fume of cooking out into Slyne's Chare.

It is evening—tea-time—and the day's work is almost done; for Mason's does little in suppers. A bullet-headed boy is rubbing pewter pots at the door.

Mrs. Mason, comfortably somnolent at the entrance of the little kitchen, watches her daughter—comely, grave-faced Annie Mason—"our Annie," as she is called, who is already folding the table-cloths. A few belated customers linger in the partitioned loose-boxes which lend a certain small privacy to the tables, and often save a fight. They are talking in gruff, North-country voices, which are never harsh.

A man comes in, after a moment's awkward pause at the open door, and seeks a secluded seat where the gas overhead hardly affords illumination. He is a broad-built man—a Tynesider; not so very big for South Shields; a matter of six feet one, perhaps. He carries a blue spotted handkerchief against his left cheek, and the boy with the pewter pots stares eagerly at the other. A boy of poor tact this; for the customer's right cheek is horribly disfigured. It is all bruised and battered in from the curve of a square jaw to the cheek-bone, which is broken. But the eye is intact; a shrewd, keen eye, accustomed to the penetration of a Northern mist—accustomed to a close scrutiny of men's faces. It is painfully obvious that this sailor—for gait and clothes and manner, set aside all other crafts—is horribly conscious of his deformity.

"Got a toothache?" Inquires the tactless youth.

The newcomer replies in the negative and orders a cup of tea and a herring. It is Annie who brings the simple meal and sets it down without looking at the man.

"Thanks," he growls in his brown beard, and the woman pauses suddenly. She listens, as if hearing some distant sound. Then she slowly turns—for she has gone a step or two from the table—and makes a pretence of setting the salt and pepper closer to him.

Three ships had come up with the afternoon tide—a coaster, a Norwegian barque in ballast, and a full-rigged ship with nitrate from the West Coast of South America.

"Just ashore?" inquired Annie—economical with her words, as they mostly are round the Northern river.

"Ay!"

"From the West Coast?"

"Ay," grumbles the man. He holds the handkerchief to his cheek and turns the herring tentatively with a fork.

"You'll find it's a good enough fish," says the woman bluntly. Her two hands are pressed to her comely bosom in a singular way.

"Ay!" says the man, again, as if he had no other word.

The clock strikes six, and the boy, more mindful of his own tea than his neighbor's ailments, slips on his jacket and goes home. The last customers dawdle out with a grunt intended for a salutation. Mrs. Mason is softly heard to snore. And all the while Annie Mason—all the color vanished from her wholesome face—stands with her hands clutching her dress gazing down at the man, who still examines the herring with a self-conscious awkwardness.

"Geordie!" she says. They are all called Geordie in South Shields.

"Ay, lass!" he answers shamefacedly.

Annie Mason sits down suddenly—opposite to him. He does not look up but remains, his face half hidden by the spotted blue handkerchief, a picture of self-conscious guilt and shame.

"What did ye did it for, Geordie?" she asks breathlessly. "Eleven years, come March—oh, it was cruel!"

"What did I do it for?" he repeats. "What did I do it for? Why, lass, can't ye see my face?"

He drops the handkerchief, and holds up his poor scarred countenance. He does not look at her, but away past her with the pathetic shame of a maimed dog. The cheek thus suddenly exposed to view is whole and brown and healthy. Beneath the mahogany-colored skin there is a glow singularly suggestive of a blush.

"Ay, I see your face," she answers, with a note of tenderness for the poor scarred cheek. "I hope you haven't been at the drink."

He shakes his head with a little sad smile that twists up his one-sided mouth.

"Is it because you wanted to get shot of me?" asks the woman with a sort of breathlessness. She has large grey-

blue eyes with a look of constant waiting in them—a habit of looking up at the open door at the sound of every footstep.

"D—n it, Annie. Could I come back to you with a face like this; and you the prettiest lass on the Tyneside?"

She is fumbling with her apron string. There is a half-coquettish bend of her head—with the grey hairs already at the temple—awakened perhaps by some far-off echo in his passionate voice. She looks up slowly, and does not answer his question.

"Tell us," she says slowly. "Tell us where ye've been."

"Been!—oh, I don't know, lass! I don't rightly remember. Not that it matters. Up the West Coast, trading backwards and forwards. I've got my master's certificate now. Serving first mate on board the Mallard to Falmouth for orders, and they ordered us to the Tyne. I brought her round—I knew the way. I thought you'd be married, lass. But maybe ye are?"

"Maybe I'm daft," puts in Annie coolly.

"I greatly feared," the man goes on with the slow self-consciousness of one unaccustomed to talk of himself. "I greatly feared I'd meet up with a bairn of yours playing in the doorway. Losh! I could not have stood *that*! But that's why I stayed away, Annie, lass! So that you might marry a man with a face on him. I thought you would not know me if I held my handkerchief over my other cheek!"

There is a strange gleam in the woman's eyes—a gleam that one or two of the old masters have succeeded in catching and imparting to the face of their Madonnas, but only one or two.

"How did you come by your hurt?" she asks in her low voice.

"Board the old Wallaroo going out. You mind the old ship. We had a fire in the hold, and the skipper he would go down alone to locate it before we cut a hole in the deck and shipped the hose in. The old man did not come up again. Ye mind him. Old Rutherford of Jarrow. And I went down and looked for him. It was a hell of smoke and fire, and something in the cargo

stinking like—like hell fire as it burnt. I got a hold of the old man, and was fetching him out on my hands and knees, when something busts up and sends us all through the deck. I had three months in Valparaiso hospital; but I saved old Jack Rutherford of Jarrow. And when I got up and looked at my face I saw that it was not in the nature of things that I could ever ask a lass to have me. So I just stayed away and made believe that—that I had changed my mind."

The man pauses. He is not glib of speech, though quick enough at sea. As he takes up the little teapot and shakes it roundwise, after the manner of the galley, his great brown hand shakes too.

"I would not have come back here," he goes on after a silence; "but the Mallard was ordered to the Tyne. And a chap must do his duty by his shipmates and his owners. And I thought it would be safe—after eleven years. When I saw the old place and smelt the smell of the old woman's frying-pan, I could not get past the door. But I hung around, looking to make sure there were no bairns playing on the floor. I have only come in, lass, to pass the time of day and to tell you ye're a free woman."

He is not looking at her. He seems to find that difficult. So he does not see the queer little smile—rather sadder, in itself, than tears.

"And you stayed away eleven years—because o' *that*?" says the woman slowly.

"Ay, you know, lass, I'm no great hand at the preaching and Bibles and the like; but it seems pretty clear that them who's working things did not think it fit that we should marry. And so it was sent. I got to think it so in time—least, I think it's that sometimes. And no woman would like to say, 'That's my man—him with only half a face.' So I just stayed away."

"All for that?" asks the woman, her face, which is still pretty and round and rosy, working convulsively.

"Ay, lass."

"Then, honey," she cries softly, "you dinna understand us women?"

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

